

**SEXY BEAST**

**Written by**

**Louis Mellis and David Scinto**

1 EXT. SPAIN - THE SUN . DAY. 1  
Blackness ... Suddenly intense brightness - whites, yellow,  
orange, hot -the sun ...

V.O.  
... Not like fuckin' England! ... Whoa,  
hot! ... Hot! Hot! Hot! ... It is fuckin'  
'ot! ... I mean look at at! It's fuckin'  
glorious! ...

2 EXT. SPAIN - THE SKY . DAY. 2  
We spin off the sun to blue - bluest blue, holiday blue - the  
sky ...

V.O. (cont'd)  
... What a super day... superb weather  
... lovely ... brilliant ... tasty!

3 EXT. SPAIN - HILLSIDE VILLA . DAY. 3  
SCENE DELETED

4 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY. 4  
See a figure on a sun-lounger, on the patio, beside a heart-  
shaped swimming pool... move in on him ...He wears orange  
trunks, green flip-flops, gold rings, heavy gold chains, big  
sunglasses. His powerful, out of condition body is deeply  
(that's deeply!) tanned and heavily oiled with pungent  
Hawaiian tropic suntan lotion ... this is GAL DOVE ... aged  
49 ... half a dozen empty San Miguel bottles beside him ...  
he basks ... intermittently we hear the sound of  
unenthusiastic brushing from nearby ...

GAL  
... Oh, yeah ... bloody'ell, I'm sweatin'  
'ere! ... Roastin' ... Bakin'... Boilin'  
... Swelterin'... 's like a sauna!  
Furnace! ... You could  
fry an egg on my stomach! ...Who  
wouldn't lap this up?! ... It's  
ridiculous! ... Tremendous! ... It's  
just fantastic! ... Fan-dabby-doz-  
tastic! ...

Wipes sweat from his brow.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

We see the "Brusher", a Spanish boy, ENRIQUE, aged 14, wearing cut-off, knee length jeans, a faded T-shirt and scruffy laceless trainers... he sweeps the patio with minimal energy ... GAL is watching his efforts...

GAL (cont'd)

... Give it some!

(CONTINUED)

ENRIQUE

Zis brushes iz sheet!

GAL

What?! 'S a goodbrush! ... 'S amatter  
wi' ya?! ... Don't blame the brush! ...  
It's the man... it's you ... your  
technique ... you're lazy ... 'the  
brush'!

ENRIQUE brushes slightly more firmly ...

GAL (cont'd)

That's it! ... Y'see!... Oh, he's in a  
huff now ... sulkin'! ... Y'sulkin'? ...  
You wanna grow up, mate, you do! ... I  
don't know! ...

Exhales deeply

GAL (cont'd)

I'm dyin' 'ere! ...

GAL lazily reaches down to a bowl of iced water and extracts  
a white flannel ... lightly wrings it ... carefully folds it  
into a rectangle and gently lays it on his crotch ... pats it  
... closes his eyes and sighs ...

ENRIQUE, grudgingly brushing, muttering obscenities under his  
breath in Spanish ...

GAL (cont'd)

(Eyes closed. Smiling)

What's that? ... You slaggin' me off? ...  
I bet you are y' little cunt ... You must  
think I'm a right fuckin' mug! ... Put  
your back into it - Mush! ... (to  
himself) ... Lay-zee! ... Yeah ... not  
like England ... fuckin' place! ... Dump!  
... Don't make me laugh! ... Grey ...  
grimey ... sooty ... stinkin' ... What a  
shit'ole! What a toilet! ... Every cunt  
with a long face ... shufflin' about ...  
moanin' ... all worried ... No thanks!  
Not for me!

ENRIQUE has had enough of brushing and is interested in a  
single yellow flipper he has found ... He puts it on and  
begins to slap around the patio aimlessly...

(CONTINUED)

GALS VOICE

...People say, "D'you miss it, Gal?" - I  
say "No!"...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (4)

4

GALS VOICE (cont'd)

They say, "What's it like then, Spain?" -  
and I say "'S hot...Hot, hot, hot, hot,  
hot!...Fuckin' hot!... "Too hot?" - Not  
for me, I love it!...

Back on GAL

GAL'S VOICE

...It is hot though, cor, bloody 'ell ...  
(TO ENRIQUE) Oi! ... I'm not paying you  
to flap about!... Go and get us a coupla  
beers ...

Immediately ENRIQUE forcefully kicks off the flipper into the  
air and enters the house ...

5 EXT. SPAIN - HILLSIDE DAY. 5

SCENE DELETED

6 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY. 6

GAL

(Awkwardly getting up)  
... Not that he deserves one ...

7 EXT. SPAIN - HILLSIDE . DAY. 7

SCENE DELETED

8 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY. 8

Gal has moved a few feet to the side of the pool and is  
bending with effort to pick up a small hand-fan ...

9 EXT. SPAIN - HILLSIDE . DAY. 9

However, at this moment, unbeknown to him, a sizeable boulder  
has come loose from the hillside and is careering towards the  
patio ...

10 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY. 10

Unaware, he stands fanning his cooked face ...

GAL cont'd.

(Fanning)

Tha's better ...lovely!

Suddenly, missing him by inches, the boulder rolls by,  
flattening his sun-lounger and crashes into the pool ... a  
massive splash ...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Startled, GAL leans away from the wave of water which is about to hit him ... freeze frame ... Over this we hear ...

GAL'S VOICE

Jesus Christ!!

JUMP CUT TO ...

3 seconds later ... We are looking at the patio and house from the other side of the pool (which now has the boulder in it) ... We see the drenched GAL standing stock still, blinking resignedly, his hair soaked into a flat square fringe ... behind him, at the kitchen door, beers in hand, stands the shocked ENRIQUE ... Music begins, 'Espana' ...

CUT TO.

11 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . UNDERWATER . DAY. 11

We are the Boulder's POV as it hits the bottom of the pool and cracks the tiles...

12 EXT. SPAIN - THE SUN . DAY.

12

CREDIT SEQUENCE.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES ...The blazing ball of the sun dominates the screen ... Intense colours ...flames leap from it ... lick. Spit. Spurt. Explode ... Angry. Raging ...from the sun's dancing, incandescent core, the title shoots towards us in hot-red letters ... SEXY BEAST.

CUT TO.

13 EXT. SPANISH HILLS. DAY.

13

MUSIC / CREDITS CONTINUE ...

From above we are following a yellow mazda convertible as it travels through the countryside ... we move in on the car ... see DEEDEE DOVE, aged 51, driving. She is glamorous, voluptuous, brunette ... sunglasses, deep cleavage, bronzed thighs, laughing ... a beautiful smile ... Beside her is JACKIE, aged 39, blonde, sexy, talking animatedly, cute ... The back seat of the sports car is haphazardly strewn with assorted sizes and shapes of designer packages and carrier bags, Chanel, Gucci, etc ... They drive...

14 EXT. SPAIN. AITCH AND JACKIE'S VILLA. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

14

MUSIC / CREDITS CONTINUE ...

The yellow Mazda pulls up and Jackie turns in her seat and begins to gather up her bags ...

(CONTINUED)



We hear the sound of a small dog's yapping ...AITCH, aged 62, Jackie's partner, comes to greet them. He is tall, tanned, silver haired, wearing white short shorts, deck shoes, Rolex ... He has white sunscreen on his nose, cheeks and lips ... yapping excitedly beside him is their white toy poodle ...

AITCH

Oh, 'ere they are - the pillagers! ...  
Y'been spendin' my money ... Is that me skint again?!

Jackie is at the boot of the car removing more bags ... she holds up a small Chanel carrier bag...

JACKIE

Is this me or you, Dee?

DEEDEE

... You - I think!

AITCH

Bloody 'ell, Jack, y'shoulda just towed the shop back! Deedee, you're a bad influence! (DEEDEE LAUGHS)  
... We're gonna 'ave a serious talk about this Jackeline - this addiction you've got - I'm very worried about it - 's spirallin'! - D'ya get me anything'?

JACKIE

(Laden)

Yeah - a gag! ... Now shut up and make yourself useful ... Stick the kettle on ... slave!

AITCH

(Saluting servilely) Yes, memsahib! (Laden)

Aitch begins to jog off Coolie-like towards the house but the excited dog is round his ankles...

AITCH

Noodle, will you get out from under my feet!... Deedee y'stoppin' for one?

DEEDEE

(Laughing)

No, I'd better get back... We'll see you later.

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

We comin' to you or are you comin' 'ere?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

DEEDEE

You're comin' to us...

AITCH

What sorta time?

JACKIE

(Following AITCH)

Oh, get in the house you! Mush!

DEEDEE drives off waving ...

15 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA DRIVEWAY. DAY.

15

MUSIC/CREDITS CONTINUE ...

Low angle shot of the parked Mazda as the door opens. C/U on DEEDEE'S legs as she gets out of the car. The door slams shut ... we follow the legs around the car as she gathers her packages ...

JUMP CUT TO ...

16 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

16

MUSIC/CREDITS CONTINUE ...

DEEDEE with parcels, is walking towards the house ... she idly glances at the pool ... stops dead ... what the fuck's that?! ... Her P.O.V. ... The heart shaped pool... underwater on the swimming pool floor ... GAL and ENRIQUE are trying to shift a fridge-sized boulder ...

JUMP CUT TO ...

17 INT. DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO. UNDERWATER. DAY.

17

MUSIC/CREDITS CONTINUE.

Only now the music sounds like it's been recorded underwater and the remaining credits are wobbly/watery ... GAL and ENRIQUE, lungs bursting, push and shove but the boulder isn't moving ... Suddenly GAL spots the magnified-through-water figure of DEEDEE looking down at him ... He waves to her then signals to ENRIQUE that the task is hopeless and squatly kicks off for the surface ...

CUT BACK TO ...

18 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY

18

MUSIC/CREDITS CONTINUE NORMALLY ...

DEEDEE can't believe what she's seeing ... as the credits end the music reaches its climax, GAL, gasping, breaks the surface of the water, swiftly followed by ENRIQUE ...

(CONTINUED)

GAL struggles to the side ...heaves himself out ... and flops, panting, onto the poolside tiles ...

GAL CONT'D.

I think I got the fucking bends!

DEEDEE

(Staring at the boulder)

How did that happen?

GAL

(Getting to his feet)

Where's my mobile? (Looking for his phone)

... I almost got killed, Deedee.... I was that much away from being killed! Serious ... You almost came back to a squashed 'usband!

He has found the mobile and hands it to ENRIQUE who is

'recovering' on a lounge

GAL (CONTD)

..'Ere y'are ... phone your mate!...

ENRIQUE

(Not sure who he's supposed to phone)

Who?

GAL

Yer mate! ... One with the truck!

ENRIQUE

Filipe?

GAL

Well, yeah, if that's his name it's him, innit! ... Give him a bell ...

ENRIQUE begins to dial... GAL walks to DEEDEE ... kisses her ...

(CONTINUED)

GAL (cont'd)

Don't worry 'bout this, love, it's nothin'  
.. we'll get this sorted out ...

ENRIQUE is talking Spanish on the phone and laughing in conversation ...

GAL (cont'd)

(Indicating DEEDEE'S dress)

That's nice? 'S it new?

DEEDEE

I was wearing it when I left ... You  
bought me it ...

GAL

Did I? ... Oh, I'm sorry ... my head's  
all like that! (GESTURES CONFUSION) ...  
You look beautiful, anyway! (SHOUTS TO  
ENRIQUE) Tell 'im he's gonna need a winch  
or somethin'!

ENRIQUE

... A wha'?

GAL

(Miming)

A winch! ... A wincho!... A fucking  
winch! (GETTING IRATE)

DEEDEE

(Concerned for his blood  
pressure)

Gal!

GAL

Sorry, love ... (KISSES HER) What a day  
I've 'ad! ...

DEEDEE goes inside ...

(CONTINUED)

GAL looks towards ENRIQUE who has finished his call and is switching off the mobile ...

ENRIQUE

(In Spanish)

... Saturday!

GAL

That's Saturday! ..That's almost a week!That's no fucking good!! ...You're useless you are! ... Saturday! .. (STARES WITHERINGLY AT ENRIQUE)... CUT TO ...

19 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S HILLSIDE VILLA . NIGHT.

19

Aerial view of the dark hills and the Dove's candle/lantern lit patio. See the tiny figures of AITCH, JACKIE, GAL and DEEDEE far below. We move in on them and begin to hear music, 'Quiereme mucho' ...

20 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

20

GAL is attending to the barbeque, wearing white slacks, sandals and a black shirt unbuttoned and knotted to reveal his midriff ... JACKIE, wearing a white halter neck top and white capri pants, white mules and DEEDEE, wearing a black, low cut dress and highheels, sit together by a low table drinking champagne and smoking. AITCH, wearing a trim fitting, white 'Lacoste' shirt, white shorts, white basket weave 'Gucci' loafers and matching belt, is looking into the drained pool at the boulder. He smokes a 'More' cigarette ...

AITCH

... Cor, it 'as done a fair bit of damage there, Gal! ... Cracked the tiles look ...

GAL

(Concentrating on the barbeque)

Yeah, I 'ad noticed!

AITCH

When's that gettin' fixed then?

DEEDEE

Saturday apparently.

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

Doubt it!

GAL

He's takin' the boulder out Tuesday - re-  
tilin' it Sat'day - I 'ope!

GAL is squirting the barbeque with a small tin of lighter  
fuel and suddenly there is a whoosh of flame ... He jumps  
back to avoid it ...

GAL (cont'd)

Fuckin' 'ell!

DEEDEE

Y'alright, darlin'?

JACKIE

Y'alright?

The barbeque is O.K... GAL returns to his cooking ...

GAL

Fuckin' thing!

AITCH

(To DEEDEE and JACKIE)

He should be in a circus, 'im ... he's a  
menace! (LOOKS INTO THE POOL) ... You  
gonna stick with the same colour water,  
Gal?

GAL

... What d'you mean?

AITCH

Water ... You stickin' with the plain?

GAL

'Ow'd you mean?

AITCH

You can 'ave different colours ...

GAL

... Fuck off!

AITCH

Straight up! ... I'm tellin' ya ... You  
can 'ave different coloured water!

(CONTINUED)



GAL

Bollocks!

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

Aquamarine ... Deep blue ... Mid blue ...  
Tangerine ... Lilac ... Pink... Plain ...  
Anythin' you want!

GAL

Shut up!

AITCH

They've got a chart...

GAL

Is that right?

JACKIE

Just ignore 'im.

AITCH

It's true! I'm tellin' ya! Check it  
out...ave a look at the range...

JACKIE

Gal he's at it!

AITCH

I'm not! ... What do you know?! ... 'At'  
what?

GAL

Fuck off!

AITCH

What ... you don't believe me?

GAL

Yeah, yeah.

DEEDEE

(Laughing to Jackie)

Is he on drugs?!

JACKIE

He's losin' it!

AITCH

Shut up you...Ask yourself this,  
Gal...Why would I choose to lie about it,  
eh? Why would I?

GAL

To wind me up!

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

You want to think that, you think it!

GAL

I do!

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

Look, Gal just 'ave the fuckin' plain!

GAL

Shut up an' 'ave a sausage... (AITCH is looking at the boulder)...Aitch?

AITCH

(Sorta lost, looks up)  
What?

GAL

I said shut up an 'ave a sausage!

(REMAINDER OF SCENE 20 DELETED)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (6)

20

JUMP CUT TO:

21 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - STAIRS . NIGHT.

21

THE MUSIC CONTINUES ... (Slow Motion) we are on GAL bounding backwards down the stairs inside the house, joyfully, four at a time ... Neil Armstrong-ish ... (REVERSE FILM OF HIM ASCENDING)...

JUMP CUT TO

22 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT 22

THE MUSIC CONTINUES ... (Slow Motion) the four jiving on the patio ... mute ...

JUMP CUT TO

23 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT. 23

THE MUSIC CONTINUES ...

JACKIE, smiling, sits on the rough garden wall ... behind her the leaves on the dark trees shimmer ... fireflies and moths around her ...

JUMP CUT TO...

24 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT. 24

THE MUSIC CONTINUES ...

(Slow Motion) MUTE ... GAL mimes Elvis, bawling into an invisible microphone ... rock star legs ... revving his pelvis ... pumping his arms in a hunka, hunka, burnin' love fashion ...

JUMP CUT TO.

25 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT. 25

THE MUSIC CONTINUES ...

(Slow Motion) MUTE ... AITCH sits and attempts a trick with his cigarette ... throws it smoothly into the air towards his mouth ... before it lands ...

JUMP CUT TO.

26 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT. 26

SCENE DELETED

27 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT. 27

THE MUSIC CONTINUES ...

AITCH as before ... the cigarette hits him in the face and bounces off ...

JUMP CUT TO.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

As before, another cigarette fails to land in AITCH'S mouth  
...

JUMP CUT TO.

Again ... AITCH - cigarette -failure ...

JUMP CUT TO.

This time the cigarette lands in his mouth ... but the wrong  
way round, filter showing and too deep in - halfway down his  
throat! ... No matter, he raises his arms in triumph ...

JUMP CUT TO.

(Slow Motion) MUTE ... AITCH walking around the patio, arms  
aloft in triumph, like Stallone in Rocky ...

JUMP CUT TO.

28 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT

28

SCENE DELETED

29 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

29

SCENE DELETED

30 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

30

(Slow Motion) MUTE ... DEEDEE dancing ... vaguely flamenco-  
ish ... she stamps her feet, shakes her dress ... goes for it  
...proud, animal, hot ... sexy ...

JUMP CUT TO.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES...

GAL, transfixed, watches her whilst lighting a big cigar ...  
His eyes filled with desire/love ... He puffs on the cigar  
... puffs ... puffs... then romantically blows a heart-shaped  
smoke ring towards her ...

JUMP CUT TO.

(CONTINUED)

THE MUSIC IS FADING ... GAL's P.O.V. ... (Slow Motion) DEEDEE strides purposefully, passionately, lovingly towards him/us like a sexy beast ... staring him/us in the eyes ... coming towards us ... she blacks out the screen ...

JUMP CUT TO.

31 EXT. SPAIN - ABOVE. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA. NIGHT.

31

(Slow Motion) MUTE ... EXTREME C/U. GAL's upside down face kissing DEEDEE ... We pull back to see that they are floating Chagall-like in the air and hover weightlessly above their rooftop... a starry night ... down below we see AITCH and JACKIE's silver Merc driving off into the distance ... silver moon in the sky ... GAL and DEEDEE still floating dreamily wave goodbye to their friends ...

CUT TO.

32 EXT. SPAIN - THE FULL MOON . NIGHT.

32

SIMULTANEOUSLY MUSIC 'GRANADA' AND EXTREME C.U OF THE FULL, GOLDEN MOON ...HOLD ON THIS FOR THE OPENING BARS OF THE MUSIC ... AS THE VIOLINS 'DESCEND' WE PULL BACK ... AND BACK ... TO ...

33 EXT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

33

THE MUSIC CONTINUES... GAL is at the the window, his moonlit face gazing out ... He wears a gaudy, gold and black, shorty kimono ...

GAL

... Yeah, roll on Saturday ... Every mornin', twenty five lengths, 'fore breakfast ...without fail ... Invigoratin' ... Gotta get a new regime goin' ... Get motivated ... Swimmin's the best ... Special K...

As the tenor's lungs are bellowing 'Granada', GAL, hearing something, snaps his head into the room ... The music stops dead and we hear the steady hum of the vibrator...

34 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM.NIGHT.

34

we are on GAL ... head and shoulders ...

GAL (cont'd)

Oh, bloody 'ell, Dee... 'Ave you started without me?! ... Fuckin' hell! ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



34 CONTINUED:

34

GAL (cont'd)

(STARES HUNGRILY)... What you doin' to  
me?!

(CONTINUED)

DEEDEE (VO)

Take your dressing gown off, Gal ...

He does ... Tout d'suite .. stands there ... looks down at himself ...

GAL

'S like an iron bar look ... 'S massive look ... What you doin' now?! ... Oh, don' do that, I love that!

DEEDEE (VO)

Yeah?

GAL

Cor, I love you ... I love you, Deedee ... I love us ...

DEEDEE (VO)

D'you like that?

GAL

Wha's it look like?!... Oh, God ...

Silence ... apart from the steady hum of the vibrator ... eventually ...

GAL (cont'd)

... I tell you this, Deedee, you are some fuckin' woman ... some fuckin' woman ...

CUT TO.

35 EXT. SPANISH COUNTRYSIDE. MID-DAY.

35

The sun beats down on an empty landscape which is seen through a shimmering heat haze ... Now we can just detect the blurred figure of ENRIQUE slowly entering the frame from right carrying a rifle ... when eventually he is centre frame, he stops, turns and aims the rifle toward us ...

C/U on a scrawny hare ...fifty yards away stands the hazy figure of ENRIQUE taking aim ... behind him, in the distance, are GAL, wearing denim shorts, yellow singlet, hunting/combat vest, timberland boots and AITCH, wearing jeans, denim shirt, monkey boots, stetson ... we move from the hare ... past ENRIQUE ...and in on AITCH and GAL ... GAL and AITCH's P.O.V. ...

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

AITCH

He ain't gonna hit fuckall with that  
blunderbus!

GAL

Sshh!

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

He'd be better off with a spear!

GAL

(Whisper) (Quietly) (Huskily)

Shut up, Aitch!

AITCH

I'll give ya 100-1!

C/U on ENRIQUE's intense face as he prepare to shoot ... We move down and along the rifle (a word about Enrique's rifle - it's rubbish! ... Ancient. Rusty. Bits missing. Wonky sight. Rope for a strap. Etc. ... It's closer to a musket!)... Anyway, we see the hare ... see ENRIQUE's finger tighten on the trigger... see the hare become aware ... see the finger squeeze the trigger ...hear the ancient weapon's tired mechanism come sluggishly to life - a clunk here - a grating there - a groan - a fizz - a spark - a wisp of smoke ...Until eventually a spinning, dum-dummed bullet dramatically leaves the barrel ... but by now of course the hare is long gone ... much to the displeasure of ENRIQUE ... GAL and AITCH, in the distance, roar with laughter ...

ENRIQUE

(Screaming and cursing)

Bastardo! ... Shut up, Aitch!

AITCH

(Laughing)

Whatch' you on about?!... That was a sittin' duck! ... You wanna get yer eyes tested, mate ...'ow could you miss that?!

36 EXT. SPANISH HILLS - TREE. AFTERNOON.

36

GAL and AITCH sit in the shade under a tree drinking beer and eating sandwiches ... AITCH is rubbing down the silver Winchester in his lap ... in the distance we hear the boom of ENRIQUE's rifle....

JUMP CUT TO.

37 EXT. SPANISH HILLS - STREAM. AFTERNOON.

37

Aerial shot ... in the distance GAL, AITCH and ENRIQUE are crossing a stream via stepping stones ... over this we hear ...

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

AITCH'S VOICE

...You gotta squeeze the trigger pal!

...Squeeze it!

(CONTINUED)

ENRIQUE'S VOICE

(Surly)  
Shutup

AITCH'S VOICE

...Youi, you're pullin' it...tuggin' at  
it!

ENRIQUE'S VOICE

Shutup Aitch!

AITCH'S VOICE

You're jerkin' it!

JUMP CUT TO.

38 EXT. SPANISH HILLS - STONE WALL. AFTERNOON.

38

Long shot ... The THREE are walking through a field ... they  
climb a rough stone wall ...over this we hear ...

AITCH'S VOICE

...And that's what you are - a jerk!

ENRIQUE'S VOICE

You are jerk!

AITCH'S VOICE

No, you are mate...you've got to squeeze  
it...if you don't squeeze it, you're a  
jerk!

JUMP CUT TO.

39 EXT. SPANISH HILLS - GLADE. AFTERNOON.

39

We are with the THREE walking through a glade ... Suddenly  
AITCH stops ... He has seen something through the trees ...

AITCH

(Whispers. Urgent)

'Old up!

The THREE are still... and can see ... in a clearing ... a  
baby rabbit ... Cute. Sweet. Fluffy. Bunny ... so close...

AITCH

(Whispering)

'S a little peach! (Raising his  
Winchester)

(CONTINUED)

GAL

'S only a tiddler, Aitch ...

AITCH

(Aiming)

'At's 'is problem! ... (SIGHTING) Prepare  
to meet your maker!

AITCH smoothly eases down the mechanism which puts a bullet  
in the chamber ... But as he does so... it and the trigger  
section of the undercarriage snaps off ... AITCH cannot  
believe it ...

40 INT. INTIMATE, STONE WALLED, CANDLELIT RESTAURANT. NIGHT 40

DEEDEE expensively dressed. Chic. Glamorous. Cleavage, sits  
opposite GAL, who wears an expensive beige suit and pale blue  
silk shirt ... He is laughing ...

GAL

'Cowboy gun'! ... Fuckin' right it was a  
cowboy gun! ...

DEEDEE

He wouldn't've shot it!

GAL

I don't know ... he c'n be a right cruel  
cunt, Aitch ...

He peruses the menu... C/U on DEEDEE's beautiful face ... she  
sips her aperitif ... hint of a smile ... her sparkling eyes  
on GAL ... He looks up from the menu ...

GAL (cont'd)

(Bashful)

... Wha?

DEEDEE

Nothin' Just lookin'.

GAL

You'll give me an 'ardon!

DEEDEE

(Teasing)

... Yeah? ... (THEY STARE LOVINGLY AT  
EACH OTHER ... EVENTUALLY GAL RETURNS TO  
THE MENU) ...

(CONTINUED)

GAL

(Perusing)

... Right ol' tinglin'... I love it when  
you look at me! ... What'd'you fancy? I'm  
'avin' the calamari ... What you 'avin'?

(CONTINUED)



DEEDEE

Not sure yet ...

GAL

There's mussels ... you like mussels ...  
'ave mussels ...

DEEDEE

No, I think I'm gonna have that chicken  
thing ...

GAL

(Scans)

Chicken thing? What chicken thing?  
Where's that? ... I never saw that! Where  
is it! ... Oh, yeah ... Nah, I'm gonna  
stick with the calamari ... I love  
calamari! ... Shall we just order, I'm  
starvin' ... Lee Marvin!

DEEDEE

Here they are!

GAL looks around ... AITCH and JACKIE, dressed up, are making  
their way through the restaurant... serious faces ... they  
sit ...

GAL

Whatever it is, leave it outside ...  
We're gonna 'ave a nice evenin' ... Jackie  
you look beautiful!

JACKIE

(Terse)

Can you get me a brandy, Aitch.

GAL

That's what I like to hear! Brandy!  
Bloody brandy! ... Yeah, I'll ave one of  
those! (To Aitch who is lighting a  
'more') I'm 'avin the calamari...d'you  
want that? 'Ave that!

JACKIE

(Tense)

Aitch, can I have a brandy please.

DEEDEE looks at JACKIE ...

DEEDEE

Are you alright, Jackie?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (3)

40

AITCH

Tell 'im then.

JACKIE says nothing...

(CONTINUED)

AITCH (cont'd)

(Pouring himself some wine)  
... Eh? ... Jack?

GAL

Tell me what?

DEEDEE

Jackie?

JACKIE

(Stares at GAL ...eventually)  
... Are you definitely retired?

GAL stares at JACKIE...

GAL

... Yeah, I'm retired... Why?

JACKIE

Definitely?

GAL

I'm definitely retired... What's this about? 'Ow comes I'm gettin' a sweat up my back?

JACKIE

Gal, we had a phonecall ... Just before we left the house ...

GAL

Yeah ...

JACKIE

... It was from London...

DEEDEE

He's definitely retired!

GAL

Wait a minute, love ...wait a minute ...  
(TO JACKIE) Let's get this straight ...  
you got a call... the phone goes ...it's  
a job, right?

JACKIE

Yeah.

GAL

... And they want me?

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

Yeah.

GAL

They don't want anyone else ...

(CONTINUED)

JACKIE

No ...

GAL

They want me ...

JACKIE

Yeah...

GAL

... Alright ... alright... Well, you've asked me ... and I'm sayin' no! ... So that's it ... So why are we still talkin'? ... Jack?

JACKIE

(Eventually.Quietly)-

... It was Don Logan.

Silence ... Nobody is moving ... Silence ... Eventually ...

GAL

... It was Don Logan...

DEEDEE

(Quietly)

Oh, Christ ...

GAL

... Don Logan ...

JACKIE

Gal, I'm sorry ... I didn't know what to say ... I had to ask you ...

GAL

That's alright, Jack... that's alright, luv ... It's alright ... honest, it's alright ... it's not your fault ...

JACKIE

Gal I'm so sorry

AITCH

(Snapping)

You should never've picked up the fuckin' phone!

DEEDEE

What's he doing calling you, anyway? Why didn't he just call us?

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

'Oo knows! 'Oo knows what goes on in that  
cunt's 'ead!

(CONTINUED)

GAL

(Thinking hard)

... You tell Don, from me .... Thanks ...  
thanks for thinkin' of me but I 'ave to  
decline his offer... No offence but ...  
Alright? ... Now let's drop the subject.

AITCH

You can't tell 'im that, Gal!

GAL

... Well then ... you tell 'im ... I'm  
tempted ... but I can't .. Tell 'im I've  
lost my nerve ... I'd be of no use to 'im  
... Pity. My loss.

AITCH

Be serious, Gal!

GAL

(Angry)

Well, then, tell 'im what the fuck you  
like! ... Tell 'im anything! You alright,  
Dee?

DEEDEE

(Quiet)

Yeah, I'm fine.

GAL

What else did he say?

AITCH

He rates you, Gal ...

JACKIE

Just that he wants you.

AITCH

... Reckons there's no risk ...

GAL

Well he can't have me! ( Snaps at a  
waiter) Can I have a beer please! ... (To  
AITCH and JACKIE) You tell Don that he  
can stick his fuckin' job right up his  
fuckin' hole!

JACKIE

... You can tell 'im yourself ...

(CONTINUED)

GAL

What?

JACKIE

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)



GAL  
He's comin' over?

JACKIE  
(Subdued)  
Tomorrow.

AITCH  
Wants us to pick 'im up from the airport!

Silence ... DEEDEE's head is down ... JACKIE's head is down  
... They sit tense ... GAL's beer is brought over ... GAL  
drinks ...

GAL  
... Nice beer that ... nice an' cold ...  
what is it? (Looks at the label) Oh, yeah  
... (looks around) I love this  
restaurant! ... Deedee ... My lovely wife  
... Beautiful... I love my wife! ... I  
love you Deedee ... Come Sat'day I've got  
my swimmin' pool back ... Can swim in it!  
... I used to dream of that ... of this  
... dream. Guess where? That's right ...  
you got it ... in one!...Inside! That's  
where! ... Picture me self ... with  
Deedee ... by a pool ... fat ... drinkin'  
beer ... visualised it ... could see it  
... it was fuckin' real ... and now it's  
'appened ... we're there ... we're 'ere  
... "No risk"! ... No fuckin' risk! -  
I've 'eard that before! - Nine fuckin'  
years of my life! - "No risk"! (He grabs  
the menu) ... 'Oo's 'avin' what? I'm  
'avin' the calamari!

CUT TO...

41 EXT. DESERT / DREAMSCAPE. DAY-ISH.

41

A vast, empty, sun-baked, terrain ... GAL sits alone at a  
table tucking into a plate of calamari ... tucking in  
... tucking in ... Now, in the distance, through a heat haze  
... something is coming ... coming ... coming ... GAL eats  
... he eats ... it still comes... until gradually we begin to  
discern what it is ... a figure riding a donkey ... slow ...  
it's getting nearer ... the figure is hairy, mangey, skinny,  
slightly humped, bare topped - it is a 6ft tall, man-sized  
hare ... it wears black, dusty, silver studded, Mexican  
trousers ... battered, tooled, Cuban-heeled boots ...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

it smokes a cheroot ... flies hum around it's licey head. One ear broken, buckled, slightly flopping ... the other -the good ear - chewed and tattered ... we think his name is HERMAN? ...Eventually they stop ... HERMAN?

(CONTINUED)

dismounts, scruffily, ungainly and stands there staring at GAL who continues to eat - if anything, faster, still not looking up ... HERMAN? stares, vindictively, hatefully, unforgivingly ... His bloodshot, man-rabbity, eyes narrowing ... his hairy face ... twitch-whiskery chops ... His vermin-yellow-stained-chipped-teeth-one gold... He grins hideously ... then starts up a whispered chant/incantation ... He has two dark/gruff voices ... one slightly behind the other ... he repeats over and over ...

HERMAN?

Guerras, Pestes, Hambres e Incendios ...

Guerras, Pestes, Hambres e Incendios ...

ETC ...

GAL continues to eat... determined to hold his nerve ... even adding some salt to his calamari... the chanting stops ... HERMAN? stares ferociously ... then strides to the donkey and slowly extracts a weapon from his saddle-holster ... immediately turns, shouting ...

HERMAN? (cont'd)

Caso Raro! Una mujer que dio a luz tres  
ninos y cuatro animales!!

He cocks the Uzi in his hand ... at which point the donkey begins to bray fiendishly, excitedly, blood-lustfully ... and HERMAN? opens up... GAL eats his calamari as a hail of bullets fly around him ... taking chunks out of the table ... chipping his plate ... shattering the salt cellar ... exploding the pepperpot ... the ground is shaking ... it's like an earthquake ... GAL grabs his beer bottle and tucks it under his arm for safe keeping whilst continuing to eat in the most trying of circumstances... A table leg is shot off ... he awkwardly supports the bullet-ridden table with his spare hand and knee ... still the bullets come ... still he determinedly eats... a lull ... silence ... C/U on HERMAN? Changing the clip...

42 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM. PRE-DAWN.

42

C/U on GAL's face, in bed ... His eyes slowly open ... gradually he turns and finds he is in bed alone ... he quickly gets up ... grabs his shorty dressing gown and begins to trundle downstairs looking for Deedee ...

CUT TO.

43 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . PRE DAWN

43

DEEDEE sits motionless ... expressionless ... alone ... GAL,  
concerned emerges from the house ...

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... What you doin' down'ere? ... Deedee?  
... Darlin'? ... Y'alright? What is it?  
... Come back to bed ...

DEEDEE

I'm not tired.

GAL

No, neither am I ...but come on ...  
(Pause) Look, it's gonna be alright ...  
It'll be alright...

She looks at him ...looks away ...

GAL (cont'd)

What? ... Look ...what's the worst thing  
that can 'appen? ... What's the worst  
scenario? ...He's gonna come 'ere - ask  
me - I'm gonna say no - he's not gonna  
like it -then he's gonna leave!

DEEDEE

That simple?

GAL

That simple! ... Now,please, come on ...  
come to bed... I miss you!

DEEDEE

Why does it have to be you?

GAL

Cos the man is a cunt,pardon my French,  
that's what cunts are like, that's why  
they're cunts! ...I don't know why! You'd  
have to ask another cunt - let him tell  
you! Cos I just don't know!

DEEDEE

We don't have to be here ...

GAL

Now that would be the wrong thing to do!  
You know that ... That would be like the  
red rag to a bull! ... He's comin'!  
That's the situation ... we have to deal  
with that!I don't like it any more than  
you do - but there we are! ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GAL (cont'd)

All I can do is tell him to his face that  
I'm not interested ... That's all I can  
do ... There's nothin' else ... that's it!  
... And I'm not! ... And I will tell'im!  
... Now come 'ere ... Gi's a 'ug ...

(CONTINUED)

He stands with his arms outspread ... she gets up ... goes to him ... nuzzles him forcefully into his chest ...

GAL (cont'd)

(Holding her tight)

Who am I?

DEEDEE

(Nuzzling)

My big-bear-man ... Jabambo ...

GAL

(Kissing her hair)

Tha's right ... You remember that ...  
Trust me.

DEEDEE

(Looking up at him)

He'll hurt you.

GAL

Me? ... Nah! ... Not me! ... He can't  
hurt me ... Can't hurt Jabambo!

DEEDEE

He can ... You know he can ... I'm  
warnin' you ... he'll use it ...

GAL

I don't give a monkey's what he says and  
neither should you. Let 'im say what he  
wants ... We're big enough to take it!  
We're a team ... he can't beat us!

DEEDEE

(Serious)

Do you love me, Gal?

GAL

What?! ... 'Ow can you ask me that?! -  
Course I love you - course I do - with  
all my 'eart! .. I love you - God I love  
you ... so very much! I don't think you  
fully understand 'ow much - 's fuckin'  
'uge! ... my love - for you ... (Slight  
pause. He is holding her very tight) ...  
"Do I love you?" - I've 'eard everythin'  
now! - Bloody cheek!!

(CONTINUED)

DEEDEE

(Absolute conviction)

I love you, Gal ... I love you so much.

(CONTINUED)



43 CONTINUED: (5)

43

GAL

(Holding her tight)

... You can only feel sorry for people  
like 'im ... Now come on, let's get some  
kip!

Arm in arm they slowly walk towards the house ... they go in  
... we hold on the house ... stillness and quiet ...

44 INT. SPANISH AIRPORT CONCOURSE. DAY.

44

MUSIC, 'El Porompomero' ...

He is compact, fit, balding, with a neat moustache and goatee  
beard ... he wears a white, short sleeved, shirt, grey suit  
trousers, black chelsea boots ... on his right forearm is a  
faded blue/green tatoo of a wild panther ... on his left,  
crossed hammers, interspersed with letters W.H.U ... in his  
right fist he carries his jacket and a small holdall ... he  
strides with attitude through the concourse ... He is DONALD  
MALCOLM LOGAN (DON) ...

CUT TO.

45 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

45

The boulder is being winched out of the pool by an ancient,  
rusty, truck/crane, driven by FILIPE, 50s, moustachioed,  
dirty cap and vest, chubby, sweaty, smoking ... GAL and  
ENRIQUE watch.

JUMP CUT TO.

The boulder is on the back of the lorry... ENRIQUE sits  
inside next to FILIPE ... GAL hands over a wad of notes to  
ENRIQUE ...

GAL (cont'd)

'Ere y'are, sort 'im out ... He can 'ave  
the balance on Sat'day, once it's retiled  
... Listen, son ... stay away from 'ere  
f'r a bit ... I'm alright for the  
moment...

ENRIQUE

What?

GAL

I'm alright ... Don't need ya ...

(CONTINUED)

ENRIQUE

Why?

GAL

Why? - None of your bloody business,  
that's why! ... I've got things to do.  
I'm busy ... Now go on, bugger off!

The truck begins to pull away ... ENRIQUE leans out of the  
window ...

ENRIQUE

(Giving the middle finger)

Gal .. Fat bum Gal!

GAL

(Walking towards the empty  
pool)

Yeah, yeah, yeah, alright ...

GAL stands looking at the cracked tiles on the bottom of the  
empty pool ...

CUT TO.

46 EXT. SPANISH ROAD. DAY.

46

.. A silver Merc speeds along ... JACKIE driving ... DON  
LOGAN in the passenger seat ... AITCH in the back ... No one  
talking ... surreptitiously DON steals a glance at JACKIE ...  
she can feel it ... But drives on ... Now, coming in the  
opposite direction is the ancient truck with boulder ... as  
the vehicles are about to pass ...

CUT TO.

47 INT / EXT .TRUCK / CRANE / SPANISH ROAD. DAY.

47

ENRIQUE can see a stranger in the passenger seat of AITCH's  
silver Merc ... As the vehicles cross, he turns and watches  
it ... sees it recede into the distance ...

CUT TO.

48 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY

48

GAL is picking up bits of debris from the boulder removal  
with a dustpan and brush ... eventually the silver Merc pulls  
up outside the gate ... DEEDEE inside the house, appears at  
the window ... GAL stops what he's doing, glances at her,  
then moves to the gate ... DON LOGAN emerges from the car ...

(CONTINUED)

DON

... Gotta change my shirt ... it's  
stickin' to me ... I'm sweating like a  
cunt!

CUT TO.

49 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - LOUNGE. DAY

49

The FIVE are seated... DON, in fresh shirt, nurses a whisky  
... silence ... tension ... DON does not look at DEEDEE or  
JACKIE ... eventually ...

AITCH

... 'Ow's yer brother, Don?

DON

Malky? He's alright ...s'pose ... He's  
Malky, in'e ... dunno ... you'd 'ave to  
ask 'im.

AITCH

... You patched things up?

DON

'S up to 'im, innit.

More silence ... more tension ... eventually ...

GAL

... 'Ow was the flight, Don?

DON

Was alright.

Silence ... silence... eventually ...

DON (cont'd)

... So this is a Spanish villa, is it?

GAL

Yeah, this is it ...the ol' 'acienda!

DON

S'a bit remote, innit?...bit cut off?

GAL

No, it's perfect, Don...s'ow we like  
it...d'ya wanna 'ave a look round?

(CONTINUED)

DON

... Yeah, I will in a minute ... when I  
have a piss.

Silence ...eventually ...

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

(Rising)

Right then girls ...y'fit?

JACKIE and DEEDEE get up double quick ...

DON

Where you goin'?

AITCH

Oh, I'm just takin' the ladies out for something to eat ... leave you two to it ...

DON

What, ain't I invited?

AITCH

No, Don, course you are, Don! - Only I thought you two might want some time - talk about things...

DON

(Quarter smiles.Rises)

No, I'm jokin', 'salright ... (Takes two £50 notes out of his back pocket) 'Ere y'are, I'll get it ...

AITCH

No, that's alright, Don... no need for that ...

DON

Aitch, behave ... I'm payin' for your meal!

GAL minutely,urgently, indicates to AITCH to take it ... which he does ...

AITCH

Well that's very kind of you, Don ... very nice of you ...

DON

(Dismissively.Re-sitting)

Shut up!

CUT TO.

50 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

50

GAL stands glugging a cold beer...whilst occasionally looking down at DON who sits glugging his, occasionally looking up at GAL...

(CONTINUED)

DON

(Draining the bottle)

Aahh! ... (Pause) Fuckin' 'ell, it's 'ot,  
innit?

GAL

This is nothin', Don...

DON

Cor, streuth ... 's unbearable!

GAL

You get used to it ...I love it!

DON

'S too much. (Suddenly, alarmed, points to  
the wall) What's that?

GAL

(Looking)

What?

DON

That! there! That thing... by the wall?!

GAL

'S a lizard ... quite common ... they're  
'armless ...

DON

Yeah? ... (Calms) It's quite nice,  
innit? ... Pretty colours ... Anyway,  
that's not the reason I'm'ere ... (He  
gets up. Surveys) Yeah, this is alright,  
innit ... not bad ... (Points at pool)  
What's that?

GAL

... 'S a swimmin' pool...

DON

'S a bath, innit!

GAL

'Ad a bit of an accident ...

DON

Accident?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

Yeah, we 'ad a boulder come rollin' down  
the 'ill ... just missed me ... 's broken  
some tiles, look ...

(CONTINUED)



DON

(Pause) (Pointing)  
You happy here?

GAL

Yeah, very.

DON

Bit out of the way.

GAL

Nah, suits us.

DON

What's their's like?

GAL

Oh, their's is smashin', Don ... smashin'  
house they've got ... He's done it up  
ranch style ...

DON

'Ow the fuck she puts up with him I'll  
never know!

GAL

... They've got some lovely stuff ...  
Lovely bits and pieces ... Although I  
have to say - and I'm not bein' funny -  
but I prefer ours.

DON

Do ya?

GAL

... It's not just the location ... it's  
the general feel ... Feels more ...

DON

More what?

GAL

... I dunno ...

DON

Yeah, I know what you mean ... (Pause)  
What did Jackie say?

GAL

(Pause) ... Just that somethin' was  
'appenin' ...

(CONTINUED)

DON

Which it is! ... And?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... Well ... just that you were plannin'  
somethin' ...

DON

Yeah?

GAL

Yeah.

DON

And you said?

GAL

... Well, I didn't say much ... I just  
listened ...

DON

She put a question to you ...

GAL

... Yeah ...

DON

Which was?

GAL

... Well ... that you'd thought of me ...

DON

To which you said...?

GAL

... Well, she'll probably have told you  
...

DON

Told me nothin'.

GAL

Look, Don ...

DON

Look, Don?

GAL

... Don, look ... It's like this ...

DON

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... I'm ...

DON

Mm?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... Retired.

Pause ... silence ...nobody moves ...

DON

... Are you?

GAL

... 'Fraid so ... I've not got a lot of  
money ... but I've got enough ... and  
I'll do anythin' not to offend you ...  
but I can't take part. I'm not really up  
to it ...

DON

Not up to it ...

GAL

... No ... I'm not.

DON

I see ...

GAL

... I'd be useless!

DON

Useless ...

GAL

... I would be.

DON

In what way?

GAL

In every fuckin' way!

DON

Why're you swearin'? I'm not swearin' ...

Silence ... DON smiles ... gets up ... walks around ...  
grinning ... looking at things ...eventually ...

DON (cont'd)

... Listen, Gal ...Listen to me ....  
Listen to yer Uncle Don ... I'm gonna  
tell you a little story ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)

I know a bloke ... who knows a bloke ...  
who knows a bloke...

CUT TO.

51 INT. LONDON. DON LOGAN'S LIVING ROOM. CHINGFORD. NIGHT. 51

DON sits alone watching a game show on the telly ... the telephone on the sideboard nearby rings...

DON  
(Calling out)  
D'ya wanna get that!

DON'S WIFE (VO)  
(Hollering from upstairs)  
You get it!!

DON  
(Grudgingly)  
Alright, I'll fuckin' get it ...

Eyes still on the TV, he rises and slowly goes to the phone ... picks it up ...

DON (cont'd) .  
'Allo?

CUT BACK TO.

52 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY. 52

DON  
... Now you know this bloke ...

GAL  
Do I?

DON  
This is a bloke you know ...

CUTS BACK TO.

53 INT. LONDON. DON LOGAN'S LIVING ROOM. CHINGFORD. NIGHT. 53

DON on the phone...

VOICE  
(Quiet. Threatening)  
'S that Mr Logan?

DON  
'Oo's this?

VOICE  
'Allo, Mr Logan.

(CONTINUED)

DON

'Allo.

VOICE

Watchya doin'?

(CONTINUED)



DON  
I'm watchin' telly...

VOICE  
Watchya watchin'?

DON  
Catchphrase ... Is that Stan?

STAN'S (VO)  
(Dropping cloak and dagger.  
Loud. Friendly)  
Course it is, ya cunt!... Listen, might  
'ave somethin' for ya ... y'busy?

CUT BACK TO.

54 EXT. SPAIN — DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

54

GAL  
Stan? ... Stan 'Iggins?

DON  
(Nodding slowly. Smiling)  
... Wants me to put a team together!

CUT TO.

55 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

55

Extreme C/U ... Head and shoulders of STAN HIGGINS ... He is middle-aged, balding, raincoated, wearing amber-tinted spectacles ... He is staring straight at us ...staring ... staring ... bathed in infra-red light ...

STAN  
(Direct to us)  
... Eight men ...Strong ... ain't afraid  
to graft .... 'S gonna take all night ....  
Good boys... Gotta be good boys ...  
Reliable ... Positive attitude ... 's  
very important ... very important ...  
Utmost ... essential ...

We now see that he is seated at a small table ... DON sits opposite, listening ... apart from them the bar is empty...

STAN (cont'd)  
... That's what we're lookin' for, Don.

DON sips his whisky... eventually ...

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

DON

'Oo's behind this, Stan?

STAN slowly lights a fag ... exhales ... eventually ...

STAN

'Oo'd'ya think? (We are on Don's face)

CUT BACK TO.

56 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

56

We are on DON's face ...

DON

'Oo d'ya think, Gal?

GAL

Dunno, 'oo?

CUT BACK TO.

57 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

57

DON and STAN as before ...

DON

'Oo?

STAN

(Takes a sip of whisky)  
... Teddy.

DON

Teddy?!

CUT BACK TO.

58 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

58

GAL

Teddy Bass?

CUT TO.

59 INT. LONDON. LUXURY RIVERSIDE PENTHOUSE WITH PANORAMIC VIEW. 59  
NIGHT.THE EXPENSIVELY DECORATED, PREDOMINANTLY BLACK ROOM IS UNLIT  
... A HANDSOME, GLAMOROUS, GANGSTER, WEARING A BLACK BATHROBE  
AND WITH A BLACK TOWEL AROUND HIS NECK, STANDS AT THE HUGE,  
OPEN, WINDOWS SURVEYING THE CITYSCAPE ...

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

HE HOLDS A CRYSTAL TUMBLER OF WHISKY ... KNOCKS IT BACK ...  
BARES HIS IMMACULATE TEETH IN SATISFACTION ...

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

59

DON'S V.O.  
Mr Black Magic 'imself... Teddy Bass!

CUT TO.

60 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

60

DON and STAN as before ...

STAN

... You know what 'e's like - you know  
the circles he moves in! ... Anyway, few  
months back he gets an invite to this  
party in this massive place on the  
Bishop's Avenue... Wild party ... Orgy!  
...

DON

Orgy?

STAN

... Said it was fuckin' incredible -  
arses everywhere! ... Doin' the lot ...  
wankin', spankin', fuckin', ... cocaine  
... drugs ... camcorders ... you name it!  
- 'S like ancient Rome!

CUT TO.

61 EXT. LONDON. BISHOP'S AVENUE MANSION. NIGHT.

61

Scene Deleted

\*

CUT TO.

62 INT. LONDON. BISHOP'S AVENUE MANSION. NIGHT.

62

Scene Deleted

\*

CUT TO.

63 INT. LONDON. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. BISHOP'S AVENUE MANSION.  
NIGHT.

63

Scene Deleted

\*

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

Scene 63 Deleted

\*

CUT TO.

64 INT. LONDON. A BLACK SPACE.

64

(Black & White - Slow Motion)....MUTE ... The bare-chested, head and shoulders of TEDDY BASS dominate the screen ... He is as before, shaking his head from side to side in the throes of something ecstatic-fantastic-electric ... His sweat-soaked hair violently thrashes... whipping and lashing his brow, his temples, his face ... like a bull about to come ... like the minotaur ... on the last mighty throw of his head/hair, whilst his sweat is spraying behind him, FREEZE FRAME on his blurred state... but not on his sweat which a split second later hits the blackness over his shoulders and immediately changes to colour ... the electric blue sweat forming the words ... SEXY BEAST.

CUT TO.

65 INT. LONDON. TEDDY'S PENTHOUSE. DAY

65

TEDDY, suited, stands by the huge windows talking to STAN ...

TEDDY

... Anyway, I'm takin' five ... I'm chillin' out on the sofa ...

CUT TO.

66 INT. LONDON. LARGE SITTING ROOM. BISHOP'S AVENUE MANSION. NIGHT

66

The room in semi-darkness, near darkness...expensively decorated...scarcely discernable are a few 'guests' in various states of undress...we focus on their eyes...irises...pupils dilating...pupils contracting...looking...staring...watching...each other...or nothing...tiny flickers...of arousal... boredom...sated eyes.

A door opens...eyes look in...searching...scouring... the door shuts...TEDDY sits on a sofa smoking...at the other end of the sofa sits an older man, well groomed... partially clothed...he is looking at TEDDY...who is not looking at him...at a corner of the sofa, in an armchair, sits JEAN.

(CONTINUED)

JEAN

How are you feeling, Teddy? Are you  
alright - you having fun?

TEDDY

Yeah ... 's a gas ... (Glances at the  
staring man then looks away) ... Whatchyou  
starin' at?

CUT TO.

67 INT. LONDON. TEDDY'S PENTHOUSE. DAY

67

TEDDY and STAN as before ...

TEDDY (cont'd)

... And 'oo am I fuckin' sittin' next to?

CUT TO.

68 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

68

DON and STAN as before ...

STAN

... An' 'oo's he fuckin' sittin' next to?

CUT TO.

69 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

69

DON

(To GAL)

... 'Oo's he fuckin' sittin' next to?!

CUT TO.

70 INT. LONDON. LARGE SITTING ROOM. BISHOP'S AVENUE MANSION.  
NIGHT

70

JEAN

... Teddy, this is Harry ... Harry's the  
chairman of Imperial Emblatt ...

CUT TO.

71 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

71

DON and STAN as before ...

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

STAN

Only the fuckin' chairman of Imperial  
Emblatt!! ... 'Eard of that?

CUT TO.

72 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

72

GAL

No ...

DON

'Course not! ... That's because they're  
one of those sniffy lot ... Don't need  
publicity ... don't seek it ... above it!  
... They're a bit like Standard Gradings  
T.M.D ...remember them?

CUT TO.

73 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

73

DON and STAN ...

DON (cont'd)

Yeah, late seventies... safety deposits  
...

STAN

That's it! ... Only these're bigger ...

CUT TO.

74 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

74

DON

(To GAL)

... Much bigger!

CUT TO.

75 INT. LONDON. LARGE SITTING ROOM. BISHOP'S AVENUE MANSION.  
NIGHT

75

CHAIRMAN

The back of your head.

TEDDY

(Not looking at the CHAIRMAN)  
What'd you say?

(CONTINUED)

CHAIRMAN

(Slowly - somewhat bored)  
I'm staring at the back of your head.

TEDDY

(Not looking)  
Well don't...Stare at the back of your  
own fuckin' 'ead.

The CHAIRMAN snorts unimpressed. \*

TEDDY looks round at him...stares...the CHAIRMAN stares  
back...eventually...

TEDDY

Are you a 'omosexual, 'Arry?

CHAIRMAN

(Unphased, unimpressed)  
Depends on what you mean.

TEDDY

(Flatly)  
...Men or women?

CHAIRMAN

Oh, definitely!

The CHAIRMAN gets up. Takes JEAN's hand and begins to leave  
the room with her...

TEDDY

(To the exiting CHAIRMAN)  
Is this a private party, 'Arry, or can  
anyone join in?

CHAIRMAN

(Snottily...almost to himself)  
...said the man with the keyhole eyes.  
(He turns, addresses TEDDY)...Feel free.

CHAIRMAN and JEAN leave...TEDDY sits...looks around...  
thinks...

TEDDY

(Quietly, darkly)  
...I'll 'ave some of that.

He gets up...leaves the room...

CUT TO.



76 INT. LONDON. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS. DAY. 76

A six inch thick, stainless steel, hi tech, security door hydraulically shuts behind TEDDY BASS. He stands alone in the vaults, key in hand ... He wears a Saville Row suit, shirt & tie, black Oxfords, black coat with velvet collar ... He begins to move through an ultra modern, pristine, corridor with banks of mirrored steel safety deposit boxes ... His eyes flick to the security cameras in the corner ... in all corners ... he is taking in everything ... now he is scanning the numbers on the boxes as he moves through them ... he eventually reaches Box HS3671 ... inserts his key ... it opens ... an empty security box ...

CUT TO.

77 INT. LONDON. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM. DAY. 77

HARRY, the chairman, immaculately dressed, watches TEDDY in the vaults, on a monitor ... can see TEDDY placing something small in the box ...

CUT TO.

78 INT. LONDON. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS. DAY. 78

TEDDY is looking into the security box ... we see an upright packet of Sullivan Powell cigarettes inside ... He closes the box ... locks it ... glances over his right shoulder at the wall behind him ... looks into the security camera in the corner ... begins to walk out ...

CUT TO.

79 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT. 79

STAN and DON as before ...

STAN

... Now this chairman's not as big a prick as he looks ... He knows 'oo Teddy Bass is - what he is- what he's up to.. but does he care? Does he fuck! - Why? ... 'cos the place is impregnable - 's got one of the most elaborate security systems in Europe ... s'a modern fortress!

CUT TO.

80 INT. LONDON. MARBLE FOYER OF IMPERIAL EMBLATT. DAY.

80

We are moving towards TEDDY and HARRY shaking hands ...

(CONTINUED)

STAN (vo)

... He can afford to come the cunt with  
Teddy ...

TEDDY

Well thank you ... Thank you very much for  
that, 'Arry ... I've been lookin' for a  
safe place for that ... 's been in the  
family for ages - donkey's years -  
generations...

HARRY

Well, thank you, Teddy... Thanks for  
choosing use ...

TEDDY

No, this is perfect for me ... I'm well  
impressed ... feel very safe ... (Big  
smile)

HARRY

(Smiling back)

Rest assured, Teddy ... we're very safe!  
(Drops the smile. Stares coldly) ... Do  
you understand me?

They stare at each other ... TEDDY still smiling ... The  
chairman confident ... eventually...

TEDDY

... Well, that's very comfortin' to know.  
' Arry ... nice doin' business with you  
... I'll see ya around.

TEDDY turns ... begins to make his way to the revolving doors  
... the chairman watches him go ...

81 EXT. LONDON. CITY STREET OUTSIDE IMPERIAL EMBLATT. DAY.

81

(Slow Motion) we are on the revolving doors of the black  
glass building ... Now TEDDY BASS emerges through them and out  
onto the street ... (Normal Speed) as he walks away from the  
building ... loosening his tie ... smiling to himself ... he  
strides ... past a Turkish baths ... past McDonalds ... Past  
Lloyds Bank ... He crosses the road ... weaves in between the  
flow of vehicles ... approaches a parked jag ... we see STAN  
HIGGINS, bespectacled, in the driver's seat ... the engine  
starts up as TEDDY gets in the passenger seat, slamming the  
door shut...

82 INT. LONDON. JAG. DRIVING. DAY.

82

STAN drives ... TEDDY beside him ... eventually ...

STAN

... And?

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

(Still smiling to himself)  
And what?

STAN

... Possible/Impossible? ... Yes/NO? ...  
'Ow's it lookin'? ... Too big? ... We on  
or what?

TEDDY

... I'll tell ya what, Stan, that is  
fuckin' impressive, that place, I'll say  
that - Fuckin' futuristic! (Grinning)

STAN

Yeah?! ... Do-able?

TEDDY

(Smiles at Stan)  
... I don't see why not!

STAN turns a corner...

83 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

83

DON

(Smiling. To GAL)  
... Y'see, Gal ...where there's a will  
... and there is a fuckin' will ...

CUT TO.

84 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT.

84

DON and STAN as before ...

STAN

(Beaming)  
... there's a way - and there is a  
fuckin' way ...

CUT TO.

85 EXT. LONDON. TEDDY BASS'S PENTHOUSE BALCONY. NIGHT.

85

TEDDY stands alone surveying the cityscape ... behind him the  
huge open windows with curtains gently billowing ... he wears  
a white shirt and holds a crystal tumbler of whisky ...

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY  
(Darkly, deliciously)  
There's always a fuckin' way!

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

We pull away from him... away ... up ... up ... away ...

CUT TO.

86 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . EVE.

86

GAL

Yeah, and there's always a fuckin' way to get caught an'all!...Anythin'can 'appen...I'm livin' testament to that!

DON

Oh turn the record off for fuck's sake!...Gal wake up, this is Teddy! Teddy Bass!...Einstein a go go!... 'E's a beast, mate! You don't know the way 'is mind works!...This is beautiful!... They'll bring back 'angin' for this one, Gal! ... 's a fuckin' insult!! ... We're gonna cream their arses with a golden dildo and they're gonna wake up sore! Red faces all round - Read all about it!!

GAL sits there ...

DON CONT'D

Unbelievable! Unbefuckin'lievable!! ..  
(Pause) We're lookin' at Sat'day ... but you're needed in London this Friday -

GAL

Bit sudden innit?

DON

Sudden? ... No! ... 'Svery far from sudden! - ... Teddy's been workin' on this for five months! -Stan almost that! - I've been in on it for two! ... 'S not sudden! ...Preparation! Preparation! Preparation! ... (Slight pause) But as far as the actual job's concerned - 'S a piece of piss! ... A monkey could do it!... 'S why I thought of you! (Smiling)

GAL

Cheers, Don!

DON

(Laughs)

You're at the Grosvenor ... yer name's Rowntree - like Smarties - like Shaft ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (contid)

If they give you a pull, you're just back  
to see some friends ... social visit  
...family ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DON (cont'd)  
that sort of thing! ... Someone'll call  
you ... pick you up ...probably Mike ...

GAL is nodding non-committally ...

DON (cont'd)  
What's that supposed to mean?

GAL  
(Absently)  
What?

DON  
That stupid noddin' you're doin'? (GAL  
is looking at the ground ... DON stares  
at him ...eventually ... )  
Is this a fuck off, Gal?

GAL  
... Course not, Don...

DON  
Are you sayin' no?

GAL  
(Trying to appease)  
... No ...

DON  
Is that what you're sayin'?

GAL  
No, not exactly ...

DON  
What are you sayin'?

GAL  
(Carefully)  
... I'm sayin' thanks an' all that ...  
thanks for thinkin' of me ... but I'm  
just gonna 'ave to turn this opportunity  
down ...

DON  
(Fast and angry)  
No, you're just gonna' ave to turn this  
opportunity yes!

GAL  
I can't, Don ...

(CONTINUED)

DON

Can, cunt, can!, can you cunt, can! ...  
Cunt! ..."Can't"! You cunt!

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... I'm not exactly match fit ...

DON

You seem alright to me!

GAL

... Well, not really, Don ...

DON

Y'look fine!

GAL

... No, I'm not, I'm...

DON

Do the job.

GAL

What?

DON

Do the job.

GAL

No, Don ...

DON

Yes.

GAL

No.

DON

Yes.

GAL

No.

DON

Yes.

GAL

I can't!

DON

You can!

GAL

I can't ...

(CONTINUED)

DON

Fat Cunt.

GAL

... Don't do this, Don.

(CONTINUED)

DON

Do what?

GAL

... Look ...

DON

what am I doing?

GAL

This ... All this ...This!

DON

This?! ... This what?

GAL

Oh, Don, come on ...

DON

... Alright, we'll drop it ...'S dropped  
... There's a boy lookin' at us ...

GAL

Wha?

DON turns to face the garden wall ... GAL looks round ...  
ENRIQUE, concerned, stands on top of the wall ... DON turns  
back to stare at GAL ...

GAL (cont'd)

(Feigning normality)

... Enrique, you go 'ome, son ... don't  
need you today, you go 'ome ...

ENRIQUE doesn't move... Out of DON's eyeline GAL gives  
ENRIQUE a 'you little git' expression...

GAL (cont'd)

... This is Don ...friend of mine ...  
from England ... Don Logan ... come to  
visit me ... We gotta talk about  
somethin' now ... so ... get yourself  
'ome ... go on...

ENRIQUE reluctantly goes ... DON is still staring at GAL ...

DON

'Oo was that?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

'S Enrique ... Spanish boy ... 'elps me  
out round the 'ouse ... 's a nice kid ...  
(Pause. DON still staring) ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GAL (cont'd)

D'y wanna go into town, Don, get a drink there - I'll show you the place ...

DON

'F you like ... not fussed ...

GAL goes towards the house to get his car keys...

DON

... You're on two percent - two and a 'alf - maybe even three - depends on the usual bumflufferies ... (GAL has stopped in the doorway) ... but it's not about the money with me and you, Gal, is it? ... It's the charge. It's the bolt. It's the buzz. It's the sheer fuckoffness of it all! Am I right?! ... It's Fernando Rey on a tube givin' the finger to Gene 'Ackman! ... Am I wrong?!

GAL

(Wryly)

... Actually, Don, I gotta say ... It was always about the money for me ...

DON

That's what prostitutes say ...

GAL

... Do they? ...

DON

You sayin' you're a prostitute?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... Well, everyone is to a certain extent!

DON

What ... a prostitute?

GAL

You gotta get your money some'ow ...

GAL GOES INTO THE HOUSE.

DON

That's prostitution!

GAL'S VOICE

Call it what you will...

DON

You're not a prostitute, Gal  
...(Pause)...So, 'oo's the prostitute  
then? Me?

GAL comes out onto the patio...

DON

D'you wanna fuck me, Gal?

GAL

Fuck off, Don ...

They are walking from the patio towards GAL's car...

DON

Is that what you want?... You couldn't  
afford me anyway! ... Besides ... you're  
the cunt with the tits! ... Look at ya!  
... Y'need a bra look! ... give me an  
'ard on!

GAL

Yeah, alright Don no need to get personal  
...

DON chuckles.



87 INT. SPANISH BAR IN SMALL TOWN. NIGHT

87

GAL and DON sit at the bar.....the place is fairly noisy, locals etc...they sip their beers...eventually...

DON

She's alright, Jackie, isn't she, eh?

GAL

Yeah, she's great...great laugh...

DON

Big tits.

GAL

Yeah, she's a lovely girl.

DON

Listen, Gal, I've missed my plane...I'm stayin' the night...Is that alright with you?

GAL

'Course...

DON

I've fucked 'er!

GAL

(This is news...shocked but hides it) That's none of my business, Don...

DON

Yeah, I know, I'm just tellin' you...three years ago...

(CONTINUED)

GAL

Oh, yeah...

DON

Dirty cow...right dirty cow...she loves it!

GAL

...Yeah.

DON

Aitch knows fuck all about it!...what's she doin' with 'im? That lanky hunk of piss...Fuckin' pillock!

GAL

He loves her, Don...

DON

...I'm tempted to tell 'im!  
(Pause)...During what we were doin', she tried to stick her finger up my bum!...I almost hit the roof!...You can imagine!  
(Pause) Whatd'you make of that, Gal?  
What d'you make of a woman who'd want to do that?

GAL

Nothin' wrong with that, Don...

DON takes this in earnestly...then, with difficulty...

DON

...Listen...don't say nothin', Gal...keep this to yourself...but...(even more difficult)...I er...I quite liked her...

Pause...DON is looking away from GAL...eventually...

GAL

Did ya.

DON

(Thinking) Mm...(Too quickly. Too quietly)... 'Ow is she, alright?

GAL

(Didn't quite catch it) What's that, Don?

DON

You 'eard!

(CONTINUED)

GAL

(Genuinely) No, I didn't, Don, sorry...

DON

Yeah, well, I'm not repeatin'  
it...(Pause)'Ow far's the sea?

CUT TO.

88 EXT. SPAIN. BEACH.NIGHT.

88

ENRIQUE has abandoned his moped...he runs along the sand ...  
keeping low ... concerned ... watching ... he throws himself  
on the sand ... is looking over a dune ... in the distance we  
see two figures looking out to sea ... GAL and DON ...  
ENRIQUE watches...

CUT TO.

89 EXT. SPAIN. BEACH.(CLOSER) NIGHT.

89

GAL and DON on the beach looking at the sea ... the dark,  
rolling sea ...

DON  
... Big, innit?

GAL  
'S beautiful ...

DON  
Two thirds of the world is the sea ...  
dida know that?

GAL  
'S 'at right?

DON  
'S why the earth looks blue from the moon  
...

GAL  
Yeah, I know ... (Don is looking at him)  
... Yeah, they reckon that the only man-  
made thing you can see from up there is  
the Great Wall of China ...

DON  
(Pause) (Wryly)  
... Hm ... not sure about that.

Silence ...eventually ...

DON (cont'd)  
... Talk to me, Gal ...I'm 'ere for you  
... I'm a good listener ...

GAL  
... What can I say, Don... I've said it  
all ... I'm retired ...

(CONTINUED)

89 CONTINUED:

89

Shut up! DON

(CONTINUED)

GAL  
(Quietly)  
There it is.

(CONTINUED)

DON

Shut your fucking mouth! (He balls his fist) D'you want me to belt ya? ... Cunt! ... Y'louse!... You got some fuckin' neck, aintcha! ... Retired?! - Fuck off! ...You're revoltin'! ... Look atchya! Fuckin' suntan! - You look like leather... like a leather-man! ... Your skin! - You could make a fuckin' suitcase out of ya! 'Oldall! ... Y're like a crocodile ... a fat crocodile! ...Fat bastard! - Y'look like fuckin' Idi Amin, d'y' know what I mean?! ...State of you! You should be ashamed of yourself! ... 'Oo do you think you are? King of the Castle? Cock of the walk?

DON kness GAL in the side of the thigh, giving him a dead-leg ... GAL winces in pain ... DON paces in the sand ...

DON (cont'd)

... What, you think this is the wheel of fortune?! You think you can just make your dough and fuck off? ... Leave the table? ... Thanks, Don! ... See you, Don! ... Off to sunny Spain now, Don! ... Fuck off, Don! ... Lie in your pool like a fat blob, laughin' at me?! ... Think I'm gonna 'ave that?! Do yo really think I'm gonna 'ave that?! ... You ponce! ... Do you hate me that much? ... You cunt!

GAL

I don't hate you, Don...

DON

You fuckin' hate me alright ... must do!

GAL

I don't.

(CONTINUED)

DON

Why do you hate me?

GAL

please ... Don ...

DON

Say it ... Say, 'I hate you, Don' ...

GAL

I'm not sayin' that!

DON

Alright ... I'll say if for ya ...

DON stares him hard in the eye ...

DON (cont'd)

I - hate - you - Don!

GAL

I've 'ad enough of this! (Turns)

(CONTINUED)



Quick as a flash DON is on him ... manhandling him ...  
thumping him, pulling his hair, tussling, he spins him round  
... throws him to the sand ... DON stands over him...

DON

Do the job! ... Do the job! ... Do it!  
... Do the fuckin' job! ... Do! ... Do  
it! ... You're doin' it! You're doin' it!  
You're doin' the job! ... Well?  
Look at you! 'Ave some fuckin'  
dignity!...Eh?!...Eh?!

GAL

What do you want me to say, Don?

DON

Don't get all intellectual with me,  
Gal...it don't suit you...

GAL

Look, Don...

DON

Don't take the piss out of me, I don't  
like it!...Well?

GAL

Don ...

DON

Listen to yourself...you're pathetic!  
(pause) ...Alright...alright...I'll make  
it easy for you- God, you're fuckin'  
tryin'! - Are you gonna do the  
job?...It's not a difficult  
question...Yes or No?

GAL

...No.

DON

Yes! Fuck off! Wanker!...You're doin' it!

90 EXT. SPAIN. BEACH - NIGHT

90

C/U ENRIQUE...his P.O.V. as DON walks away from GAL to the  
car...

91 INT. CAR. DRIVING. NIGHT

91

GAL drives...DON sits...tension...eventually...

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

DON

...You know what I've noticed, Gal? You know what stands out crystal clear? - You 'aven't asked about anybody - That saddens me, sticks in my throat...Everyone's always askin' after you!..."Ow's GAL, 'eard from 'im?"..."No. not for a while"..."S he alright?"...Leaves me wonderin' "Ave I done somethin' to upset 'im? - must 'ave! - I'll ask 'im..."...Have I done somethin' to upset you?...Well?

GAL

Of course not...

DON

Meanin'?

GAL

...Well, you haven't!

DON

You were born in Britain! You're not a fuckin' Spaniard! Don't kid yourself!...Y'look like a laughin' stock!...

At that moment DON lurches violently forward...GAL has slammed on the brakes...DON struggles to regain composure...looks through the windscreen at what has caused the sudden halt...A goat, in the road, in the headlamps, stares back at him...

DON (CONT'D)

What's that?!!

GAL

'S a goat...they're a fuckin' nuisance!

DON

Wha's'e lookin' at me for?

DON's POV of goat in road staring at him.

CUT TO.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (3)

91

92 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

92

AITCH, JACKIE, DEEDEE, GAL and DON sitting around the low table ... awkward but AITCH doing his best to lift the atmosphere ...

AITCH

... Cor, the steak was like that!  
(Indicates size with his hands) ... Size of it! Couldn't finish it! ... (Slight pause) ... An' he was nice, weren't he? The waiter ... Very attentive.  
(PAUSE)... 'andsome fucker weren't he?! Bloody Adonis! ... 'E liked Deedee, didn't he, Dee?! Liked you!

(CONTINUED)

DON quickly looks at GAL ...

GAL

'E's got good taste!

AITCH

... wasn't very expensive neither!

DON

(From the left field)

You sound nice on the phone, Jack ...

Nice telephone voice ...Y'sound like you  
work in an office! .. Y'ever worked in an  
office?

JACKIE

No.

DON

No? ... Nice telephone voice! ...

(Silence. Awkward)

DON

... I've worked in an office ... I was  
seventeen .. Does that surprise you?

DEEDEE

What, that you were seventeen?

DON stares at her ...AITCH looks at GAL ... GAL is looking at  
DEEDEE ... eventually ...

(CONTINUED)

DON

... You've got very nice eyes, Deedee ...  
never noticed them before ... they real?  
... (Tiny smile) (pause)

GAL

(Rising)

... I'll get us all'n other drink ...

DEEDEE

I'll give you a hand...

GAL and DEEDEE go into the kitchen ...

CUT TO.

93 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

93

GAL goes to the fridge to sort out some beers ... DEEDEE is  
watching him ...

GAL

He's stayin' the night...

DEEDEE

Did you tell him?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

I've told 'im!

DEEDEE

And?

GAL

'S not that simple! ... (Looks at her)  
Why didn't you tell me?

DEEDEE

(pause realises)

She asked me not to.

GAL

Oh, she asked you not to! ... Great! ...  
Great! ... Nice one ! ... That could've  
been very important information ! ... I  
mean ... I might 'ave played things  
different'ad I known! ... (They stare at  
each other, Tense.) ... What the fuck was  
she playin' at?!

AITCH enters the kitchen ...

AITCH

(Sotto Voce)

This is a fuckin' nightmare! The man's a  
fuckin' nightmare! What 'appened? What'd  
he say?'Ave you told 'im?

GAL

Yeah, he knows.

CUT TO.

94 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

94

DON and JACKIE sit ... not looking at each other ... silence  
...DON steals a minute glance at her ... she's not looking  
... silence ...eventually she gets up and goes into the  
kitchen ...

CUT TO.

95 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

95

JACKIE enters ... GAL is looking at her ... JACKIE looks at DEEDEE ... AITCH is at the window looking out ...

AITCH

... Wha's he doin' now?!

We see AITCH's P.O.V.... DON outside by the wall ... sort of looking for something ... (The lizard) ... GAL joins AITCH at the window looking out ... Sees DON easing aside shrubbery, gingerly, with his toe ... looking.

GAL

... Come on, we'd better get out there  
... 's lookin' a bit obvious ...

CUT TO.

96 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM. MIDDLE OF NIGHT.

96

GAL and DEEDEE in bed, spoon position, their backs to the door ... slowly the door begins to inch open ... Slowly they open their eyes ... but they don't move ... The door has opened two inches ... DON LOGAN stares in at them ... eventually the door inches shut ... GAL and DEEDEE haven't moved ... they hear noises, footsteps, creaking in the hall ... a door closes ... sound of pissing from the bathroom ...

CUT TO.

97 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BATHROOM. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

97

DON is having a piss... mid-piss he twists his hips and deliberately pisses past the pan onto the floor for a second or two ... then back to the bowl ...

JUMP CUT TO.

TWO MINUTES LATER ...

DON is staring at himself in the bathroom mirror ... on a radiator we see GAL's orange trunks and DEEDEE's red bikini... DON continues to stare at himself ...

DON

(To his reflection. Whispered)

... Shouldn't 'ave told'im that ...  
shouldn't 'ave said anythin' there -  
where? - There! In the bar! ... 'Bout  
Jackie ... Jackie the Paki ... What, Gal?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



97 CONTINUED:

97

DON (contid)

- He's alright ...Still-givin' too much  
of yourself away, mate! ... Fuckin'  
mouth! Best keep schtum -schtum, schtum,  
quick, quick schtum!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (contid)

Big mouth! Fuckin' big mouth! Don! Don-  
Don! ... Ah, he won't say nothin'! -  
Nothin' to say! ... 'S notbad ... 's not  
a bad thing to say ... Staple your lips  
to your gums, you cunt! ... Sappy cunt!

JUMP CUT TO.

15 SECONDS LATER ... DON still staring at himself only now he  
wears DEEDEE's red bikini top on his head, one cup for a cap  
... the other dangling by his ear ...

DON (cont'd)

(Straight faced.Chimpishly)

Aaggh! .....Aagghhh!!

CUT TO.

98 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM. MIDDLE OF NIGHT.

98

DEEDEE sleeping ...GAL lying beside her, eyes closed ... DON  
LOGAN squats beside him ...looking at him ...

DON

(Gently)

Look at it this way - Look at it from 'ow  
I see it - It's like this - I'm a  
shopkeeper ... shop on the 'igh street -  
Like Tesco's - 'Logan's ! ... And all  
our shelves ... and all the fridges...  
and all the racks ... everywhere ... is  
piled sky 'igh with money! ...Stacks and  
stacks and stacks of money! ...  
Unbelievable amounts! - But I'm a  
different kind of shopkeeper! ... I've  
got a big sign in the window,sayin' "'Elp  
yourself! Special offer - Free Money -  
bring a wheelbarrow!"... (Lets GAL take  
this in) ... So, I'm behind the counter.  
You can 'ardly see me for money ... and  
everyone's pilin' in ... all the 'appy  
faces ... business is boomin'! ... But  
what do I see outside the shop? What do I  
see that amazes me? ... You walkin' past!  
- And I don't see a white stick ! ...  
What am I supposed to think? 'Ow must I  
feel?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)

- I've got to think that you're a cunt!  
... So I quickly throw off my overall and  
chase after you and I tap you on the  
shoulder and I say, "Sorry, mate but I  
think you've made a mistake. I'm sellin'  
free money back there and you've just  
walked past!" ... And you say, "That's  
alright, I've retired!" ... What does  
that mean!?!??

GAL

(Weary)

Can we talk about this in the mornin',  
Don?

DON

D'you see what I'm sayin', though?

GAL

The mornin', Don please...

DON stares at GAL, thinking that he's got somewhere ... He  
begins to slowly back out to the room gently beckoning to GAL  
...

DON

(Like a naff hypnotist)

Come into my shop, Gal... Come into my  
shop ... Come on ...

He backs out of the door ... it gently closes ... DEEDEE, now  
very much awake, and GAL look at each other ...

CUT TO.

99 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BATHROOM. DAWN.

99

C/U on the sink ... hairy, soapy water ... an arm reaches in  
... rinses a razor ... DON is shaving ... He drags the razor  
over his soapy face ... sounds of rasping/shaving ... He  
catches sight of his reflection.

DON

... That thing ... in the window ... 'ow  
much is it? The dog ... No, not that one  
... the other... the black and white ...  
What d'you call them again? ...  
Dalmation, isit? Yeah, alright then, go  
on, I'll 'ave it! ... stick it on the  
mantlepiece ... beside the clock ... You  
got a 'ead for it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (contid)

What is it, thirteen amp? (Shaves) ...  
yeah, I saw 'im the other day ... seemed  
alright... he's 'ad a 'aircut ... either  
that or 'is 'ead's got bigger !

(Shaves.Catches sight of himself again.  
Stops shaving... Darkens) ... Are you  
alright, mate? ....

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)

Don't look it! 'S somebody takin' the  
piss out of you? Are they? Liberties? ...  
What, that cunt through there? 'S he  
insultin' you? Wha's he said to you? - 'S  
alright, mate, you can tell me ... said  
that did he? Just like that? No! ...  
What, that lump of shit said that?!  
'spects you to take that?! Swallow that?!  
... What, does he think you're a cunt? -  
I'll sort 'im out for you, shall I? ...  
'S not a problem! Can't 'ave that! ...  
Where the fuck is he?

He storms, soapy-faced, from the bathroom ...

CUT TO.

100 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM. DAWN.

100

DEEDEE and GAL asleep... DON bursts in ... Punches GAL full  
in the face ...

DON

Get up, you cunt!'s eight o'clock!...Lazy  
bastards!

DEEDEE and GAL have come awake with the shock of this ...

DEEDEE

(Outraged)

Stop it! Get out of our room!

DON stands over the startled GAL ... menacingly ... slowly he  
turns to face DEEDEE

DEEDEE (cont'd)

(Strong)

Get out, Don.

DON flares his nostrils ... sniffs slightly ... turns back to  
GAL

DON

I'll be downstairs. (He goes)

CUT TO.

101 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAWN

101

DON sits smoking ... watching ... ENRIQUE brushing near the  
pool ... vigorously ... not looking at DON but all ears ...

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

GAL, in dressing gown, tousled hair, very tired, comes down from the kitchen with two teas ... hands one to DON ... slumps down ... sips ...

DON

What was all that about?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

What?

DON

Deedee goin' into one...

GAL

Well, Don, I think it's just that she  
doesn't like to see 'er 'usband gettin'  
punched full in the face!

DON

(Pause)

... Alright ... alright... I hear ya ...  
(Pause) I love you Gal! You're loveable!  
... Big loveable bloke! Loveable lump!  
Loveable lummox!...Gal Dove - party  
boy!...Big oaf! Big fuckin' oaf! (pause)  
... So how is she ... alright?

GAL

She's alright.

DON

Alright, is she?

GAL

Oh, fuck, 'ere we go!

DON

No ... no ... 'ow is she? Well is she?  
... She looks it - lookin' after 'erself -  
the climate obviously agrees with 'er!  
... She still game for a laugh?

GAL does not reply

DON (cont'd)

... Honestly, when I think of all the  
birds you could 'ave 'ad and you 'ad to  
pick 'er! ... Gal Dove! ... Gal fuckin'  
Dove! ... Dove the Love! ... Glamorous  
Gal! ... Big Gal! Gorgeous! ... You used  
to 'ave a great body ... great physique  
... 'andsome! - Birds loved you ...  
couldn't get enough! ... But you end up  
with thaat!! ... (Sotto Voce) 'Dirty  
Deedee'!!

(CONTINUED)

GAL

I love her with all my heart.

DON

Tosser! ... You don't know the 'alf of  
it!

(CONTINUED)



GAL

I know what I need to know ... I love her  
... (He gets up, cross with ENRIQUE ...  
strides towards him) ...

DON

You poor bastard! Things I could tell you  
... the shock'd kill you! ... Do you know  
Vicky Raisins - The Maltese pornographer?  
- Vicky Sultana?

GAL

(Nearing Enrique)  
... What did I tell ya?! D'you never  
listen?!

Quick as a flash, ENRIQUE has downed the brush and scarpered  
over the wall and away ...

GAL (cont'd)

(Shouting after Enrique)  
I don't want you 'ere!

DON

... He's an old man now... but he's still  
operatin' Just off the Old Kent Road ...  
He tells me Deedee's still got a fan club  
... They meet up the first Tuesday of  
every month - the Wednesday Wank they  
call it! ... Yeah, they're in big demand  
nowadays ... those old super sixteens ...  
she's very popular! ... oh, yeah... very  
popular! - You seen 'em ?

GAL

I've seen 'em.

DON

(Shaking his head)  
They're bad! Ugly! ...Everythin'!

GAL

Shut up, Don.

DON

... Every orifice ...Deary me! ... What a  
stain on your life,eh? All the Persil in  
the world couldn't shift it! ... She's  
disgustin'!

(CONTINUED)

GAL

Be careful, Don!

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (6)

101

DON

What? ... 'Ave I said somethin' wrong?

CUT TO.

102 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM. DAWN.

102

C/U on DEEDEE ..lying on the bed awake ... over this we hear  
...

GAL (VO)

You're pathetic!

DON (VO)

Am I?

GAL (VO)

I think so.

DON (VO)

Do the job!

GAL (VO)

No!

DON (VO)

Do the fucking job!

GAL (VO)

Fuck off!

DON (VO)

Do it!

GAL (VO)

I'm retired!

103 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . DAY.

103

C/U on DON LOGAN staring at GAL ...

DON

You say that fuckin' word once fuckin'  
more and I'm gonna get a big fuckin'  
knife and stick it right in your fuckin'  
face! ... (Long pause) ... Who do you two  
jokers think you are? Lordin' it 'ere in  
my fuckin' house!

(CONTINUED)

GAL

(Incredulous)

Whaat?!

DON

It is my fuckin' house!... Not yours! ...

Mine! ... Paid for with my money ...

Money I gave you!

(CONTINUED)

GAL

I did nine years for that money ... Nine fuckin', shitty, miserable, cuntin' years!

DON

You're swearin' again! ... D'you want your little mouth washed out with soap?!

GAL

I earnt that money!

DON

Yeah, but who looked after it while you were away? Built the interest on it ... moved it about... swelled it up for you ... Eh? ... Who? ... I did the 'onourable thing!... I could 'ave kept it - could 'ave but I didn't! ... Do the job!

GAL

This is madness!

DON

Do it!

GAL

Find someone else ...

DON

You!

GAL

... Don, I've had it with that crime and punishment bollocks ... I'm 'appy 'ere!

DON

I won't let you be'appy ... Why should I?  
(pause) (stares)

(CONTINUED)

DON

Friday - The Grosvenor - You'll be there!

GAL

... I won't, Don.

DON

You will! ... I've told Ted you're doin'  
it ... don't you show me up!

GAL

... I won't be there.

DON

(Dark)

You will! ... You're Mr Rowntree!

GAL

No, Don.

DON

(Growls)

Yes! Rowntree!

GAL

No.

DON

Yes! Grosvenor!

GAL

No.

DON

Friday!

GAL

No, Don.

DON

Yes!

GAL

No.

DON

'Es!

GAL

I won't be there, Don.

(CONTINUED)

DON

You will!

GAL

I won't.

(CONTINUED)

DON

Yes!

GAL

No.

DON

Yes!...Yes!...Yes!...Yes!...Yes!

GAL

... Look, Don ... let's not kid ourselves  
... We both know the reason why you're  
'ere ... 'S not just because of me ...

DON is absolutely shocked by what GAL has said ... He cannot believe it ... He is speechless... He stares at GAL ... The longest stare in history ... The stare ends with a single blink from Don ...

DON

(Flabbergasted)

What did you say?

GAL

Let's be 'onest ...

DON

(Innocently)

What are you talkin' about?

GAL

Come on, Don ... this isn't just about me  
...

DON

(Again rocked)

... I'm findin' this astonishin' ... this  
is amazin' ... you're astoundin' ...  
repeat ...

GAL

(Gently)

You didn't just come 'ere because of me,  
Don.

DON

(Stares ...eventually)

Am I losin' the plot 'ere? ... I think  
I'm losin' the plot 'ere ... Look, Gal  
... I don't exactly know what you're  
goin' on about ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DON (cont'd)

and to be quite frank with you, I'm not  
exactly interested ... but I will say  
this ... I've come over 'ere for  
professional reasons ... nothin' else ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)

On a professional mission ...I've got to get a team together ... gotta hand pick a team ... I 'ad you in mind for a part in that team - but quite frankly your attitude appals me!... It's not what you're sayin' - 's all the stuff you're not sayin' -Insinuendoes! ... You really are demonstratin' some whopping great ego, my friend and I'd keep that in check if I were you 'cos that sort of big 'eadedness can be a right turn off! ... Now, if you don't want to do the job - fair enough - I can accept that - we'll leave it at that ... and considerin' what I know now about you and the outrageousness of what's goin' on inside your 'ead - whatever stinkin' thoughts you're 'avin', which I don't want to know because they're so disgustin', I would like to leave -Now - this minute - Please - Get me a taxi ...

GAL seizes the opportunity ... walks into the house to make the call ...

CUT TO.

104 EXT. SPAIN. PATH OUTSIDE DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA. DAY.

104

DON is in the back seat of a local taxi, staring straight ahead ... GAL stands watching as it pulls away ... walks back onto the patio ... looks up at the bedroom window... DEEDEE is watching the taxi as it drives into the distance ...

CUT TO.

105 INT. SPAIN. AIRPORT DEPARTURE LOUNGE. DAY.

105

Crowded departure lounge ... DON sits, his bag at his feet ... the chairs on either side of him empty ... he is thinking to himself ...

DON (VO)

... who else is there? Who else's got the capabilities? ... There's Edgar - nah, fuck 'im ... 's a bit of a liar! ... Trevor Morris? - Definitely not! - 'S a wanker! Ain't worth that!! ... 'S gotta be someone?! ... Granger? - but what age is he though? - Too old? ... And not Welshie he's a

(CONTINUED)

DON  
(Aloud)  
... Fuckin' nut!

(CONTINUED)

A few people look at him, but he doesn't notice ... thinks on

106 INT. SPAIN. PLANE. RUNWAY. AFTERNOON.

106

DON sits as the plane is readying for take off ... thinking ... a matronly spanish woman in the seat beside him ... the voice in DON's head continues ...

DON'S (VO)

... Barney? - 'As he got the bottle for it? That's what I ask myself - 'as he got the bollocks?- You'd 'ave to say no! ... But Roy 'as Roy Sumpster! He could 'ack it! Oh yes he could! ... He's a good boy, Roy! He's smart and strong! - 'S very important! - Yeah, it's lookin' like Roy! ... That is not a bad fuckin' choice! Roy! ... Yes, it's Roy! It fuckin' is! ... "Who ya got?" - Roy - I got Roy! ... "Roy, are you interested in a shit-load of money?" "Course I am, Don!" - Course he is!... It's Roy! ... I've found my man! ... I'm 'appy now! ... It's Roy! ... Can sit back and enjoy the ride! ...

DON

(Aloud) )

It's Roy!

He lights up a cigarette ... draws deeply ... thinking ...

A stewardess approaches...

STEWARDESS

(In Spanish accent)

Sir, I'm afraid you cannot smoke ...

DON

(Coming out of his reverie)

... Wha? ... Whaddya want?

STEWARDESS

Your cigarette ... you have to put it out ...

DON

Cigarette? ... what this? ... No, I'm not gonna put it out.

STEWARDESS

You must.

(CONTINUED)

DON

Why's that?

STEWARDESS

If not we cannot take off ...

DON

Well that' your problem, innit! (He  
smokes ... stares up at her ... she  
doesn't know what to do ...) It's your  
move ...

STEWARDESS

(Nervous)

Please ... Sir ...

DON

... Nah, I ain't puttin' it out! You're  
gonna 'ave to wait 'til I finish it ...  
simple as that ...

He smokes ... she goes for assistance ...

SPANISH BUSINESS PASSENGER

Look, why don't you just put the  
cigarette out?

DON

(Looking round)

What's that, long nose?... D'you want me  
to cut your hand off and use it as an  
ashtray? (Stares)... Yeah, I'll put it  
out, mate - if you're prepared to let me  
stub it out in your eyeball - I'll put it  
out! Y'agreeable? ... No?

He sits back in his seat ... smokes ... sees a few stewards  
and the stewardess coming down the aisle ...

DON

Oh, 'ere comes the gay brigade, look!  
(Rises quickly) Tell you what, I'll get  
off the plane, eh?(Snaps open the  
overhead baggage compartment and takes  
out his bag. Begins to stride down the  
aisle) You 'appy with that? - I'm 'appy  
with that! ...I'll smoke it outside!

The plane has stopped taxi-ing ... DON throws his cigarette  
onto the carpet. Stamps it out ...the passengers agog ...

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)

Open the door! ... (He stands facing the  
exit ... stewards and stewardesses giving  
him a wide berth) ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

DON (cont'd)

Open the door, luv! (He turns to the  
passengers) ... 'Ope this crashes! ...  
Open the fuckin' door!!

CUT TO.

**107 INT.SPAIN. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE AIRPORT POLICE HOLDING ROOM. DAY 107**

Through a small glass window in a door we see DON LOGAN  
sitting bored in a cell-like room...

CUT TO.

**108 INT.SPAIN. AIRPORT -POLICE HOLDING ROOM. DAY.****108**

A bare room. Two armed, uniformed, heavy, Spanish policemen  
inside, on either side of the door ... DON LOGAN sits at a  
table staring at each of them in turn ...staring ... heavy  
atmosphere ... eventually the door opens and a plainclothes  
Spanish official enters carrying papers and DON's passport ..  
He sits opposite DON ... surveys DON's passport ...  
eventually ...

SPANISH OFFICIAL

... This is very serious, Mr Logan ...

DON

You're right, Sir ...this is very serious  
... I've been sat 'ere for five hours!

SPANISH OFFICIAL

As you may know, all European airline are  
subject to -

DON

(Interrupting)

Look, before you start, I want to say  
something. Let me ask you something -  
'Ave you ever been sexually assaulted?  
... No, neither 'ave I - until today - on  
that plane...

SPANISH OFFICIAL

... What?

DON

Yeah ... that's what I said ... "Ere's me  
puttin' my bag up in the cupboard ...  
next thing you know I feel hands on me!  
... Someone's touched me ... touched my  
front ...my front bottom! ... I can't  
believe it! I've gone cold! ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED:

108

DON (contid)

I've looked around and he's standing  
there, isn't he ... the steward ... with  
a guilty look on his face ... Well I was  
shocked!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



DON (contid)

I didn't know what to say ! ...I've 'ad to sit down I was that perturbed! ... And now his mate ... the other one ... who's givin' us all lessons on what to do if we land in the sea ... 'ow to work your lifejackets, etc, he starts'n'all! Starts lookin' at me all funny ... suggestive like! ... I don't know if they wanted me for a two's up or somethin' ... I don't know 'ow they work it! ... But I tel lyou what ... It scared me! I was shakin' like a leaf! ... So, without thinkin', I lit up a cigarette ... to calm me down ... I was tremblin'! ...I was very emotional ... and that's when all the rest of it 'appened ...It's very regrettable! ... Now I'd rather not kick up a fuss ... Press charges ... contact the British Embassy ... I'd rather not pursue those channels ... 'S not my style ... I'm not that sort of bloke ... I wouldn't want to lose the man his job ... A man's gotta eat! ... And I'm sure he's not representative of all Spanish people but I would appreciate it if you'd ave a word with 'im ... let 'im know he's been rumbled ... (Slight pause)... It's the one with the ginger hair!

109 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

109

AITCH, in dove grey, silk suit, sits on the bed talking to GAL who stands in front of the mirror combing his wet hair ... He wears shirt and trousers ...

AITCH

... What, you think he's sayin' "Gal told me to go fuck myself" ...

DEEDEE (VO)

Come on, Gal! How long are you gonna be?!

GAL

Two seconds ... I'm combin' my 'air!

AITCH

He'd look a right cunt!

GAL

'S what he is!

(CONTINUED)

AITCH

That's not what I'm sayin' ... I'm sayin'  
he has to save face! Protect 'imself ...  
'is image... ego ... '

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AITCH (cont'd)

s big 'ead! ... Nah, I'll tell you what's  
'appenin' ... this is what I reckon ...  
what I'd do ... He's gone back and he's  
said "I've decided not to go with Gal -  
He's far too fat. 'S put on a ton of  
weight and he looks fuckin' terrible! ...  
Michelin man!

GAL

(Playful) (Calling out) (From  
the patio)

Fuck off! I'm beautiful!

AITCH

No, mate, put yer mind in 'is perspective  
... the way he sees things ... you're in  
the clear ... trust me!

Immediately they hear the sound of a car pulling up outside  
the gate ... they quickly look at each other ...

DEEDEE (VO)

(Extremely urgent)

Gal!!

CUT TO.

110 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

110

DEEDEE and JACKIE are out of their chairs and backing away  
from DON LOGAN who has emerged from a taxi and is coming  
towards them ... the taxi drives off ...

DON

(Raging) (Extremely urgent)

Think I'm stupid?! ... Think I'm some kind  
of fuckin' cunt?! ... Some fuckin' twat?!

GAL and AITCH rush onto the patio ...

DON (cont'd)

Think I'm gonna 'ave that!? Do you really  
think I'm gonna 'ave that?! ... My  
fuckin' ears were burning' all the way  
fuckin' back in the fuckin' cab! Fuckin'  
on fire!

GAL

(Gobsmacked)

What 'appened, Don?

(CONTINUED)

DON

What 'appened? ... What fuckin'  
'appened?! ... I'll tell you what  
fuckin' 'appened ... ! ... You tell me,  
Gal ... ! ... You tell me what fuckin'  
'appened!! ...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)

Give me a fuckin' knockback!! ... You fat fuckin' cunt!!

AITCH

Problem with the plane, Don?

DON

(Rounding on him with extreme hatred)

What's that?! ... What did you fuckin' say?! Cunt! ... What?! Problem?! ... Fuckin' problem?! ... No, mate, no! ... No problem with the fuckin' plane, cunt! ... Fuckin' plane was fine! ... Fuckin' plane was alright! Fuckin' plane was perfect! ... It's you! You're the problem! You're the fuckin' problem! You fuckin' Dr White! 'Onkin' jam-rag! 'Uckin' spunk-bubble! ... I'm tellin' you, Aitch... you keep fuckin' lookin' at me I'm gonna put you in the fuckin' ground... I promise ya!

DON is locked into AITCH ... AITCH looks elsewhere ...

GAL

DeeDee, why don't you take Jackie and Aitch inside ...

DEEDEE

(Eventually)

Yeah ...

AITCH and JACKIE rise... begin to make their way into the house ...

DEEDEE (CONT'D)

(Calmly)

Can I get you something to drink, Don?

DON does not reply... he continues staring at AITCH ... GAL signals for DEEDEE to go inside... AITCH, JACKIE and DEEDEE are entering the house ...

DON

(To AITCH) (Calmly)

Yeah, fuckin' do that you schemin' cunt! ... See if the ladies'll let you try on one of their pantie-girdles! ... You fuckin' -

(CONTINUED)

DON and GAL are alone on the patio ...

GAL

... Don ...

(CONTINUED)

DON

(Interrupting)

Shutup! ... Shutup! ...Just shutup! ...  
Just fuckin' shutup! ...

DON paces ...eventually ...

DON (cont'd)

... Not this time, Gal.... Not this time!  
... Not this fuckin' time! ... No! ...No,  
no, no, no,no, no, no, no, ... No, no,  
no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,  
no, No!... Not this time! ... No fuckin'  
way! No fuckin' way! No fuckin' way!  
...No fuckin' way!! ... You've made me  
look a right cunt! ... Like a right  
fuckin' Mr. Confused! ... "Wha's he  
doin'?" ... What's Jackie gonna think to  
that?! ... Not that I care! I'm not into  
her anymore - I've just realized ! ...  
That's your fault! ... Fuckin' me about!  
... Is your middle name ungrateful or  
what?! ... Ain't you got anythin' to say?  
... You just gonna stand there like porky  
pig hidin' behind your wife's skirt?! -  
Your ex-porn star wife's skirt! (Paces -  
Trying to keep his voice down) ... I  
don't give two fucks what Jackie Big Tits  
thinks of me comin' back! ... She can  
think what she fuckin' likes! I've got  
enough fuckin' information on her! ... So  
what if she's got a pretty face - that  
can all change ... age changes that! I  
look forward to seein' her when she's  
seventy! Let's see if she's still comin'  
the cunt with a face like a wrinkled  
prune! ... Can't fuckin' wait! ...  
Aitch'll be well gone by then! ...  
(Calmly) I'm gonna kill you, Gal!

He turns to the house... DEEDEE, AITCH and JACKIE are  
watching ... says to them ...

DON (cont'd)

I'm gonna fuckin' kill him! ( He calmly  
picks up an empty beer bottle from the  
table ... suddenly,violently, he smashes  
it over Gal's head)

(CONTINUED)

GAL stumbles back ...bleeding ... DON calmly walks towards him ... But stops turns ... coming from around the side of the house towards him, holding his ancient rifle in his trembling hands, is ENRIQUE ... scared, close to tears but courageous nevertheless ...

(CONTINUED)



He is inching towards DON LOGAN ... petrified ...breathing hard ...

GAL

(Still groggy from the blow)  
Enrique no! Go 'ome!

DON

(Enjoying it)  
What? ... point a gun at me?

GAL

Go 'ome, son!

DON

You point a gun at me?!

DON begins to step towards him ... AITCH and JACKIE have come out onto the patio ...

DON (cont'd)

(Loving it)

What ... you gonna shoot me? Eh? Are ya?  
... You gonna shoot me? ... Go on then,  
shoot me ...'s alright ... Shoot me! ...  
Why not? ...

DON is closer to ENRIQUE ... ENRIQUE's teeth begin to chatter ...

DON (cont'd)

Y'cold? ... Y'cold? ...Are ya? ... Tell  
you what ... I'll 'ave that!

DON grasps the barrel of the gun and easily takes it from ENRIQUE, who is now left holding an invisible rifle ...

DON (cont'd)

(Stern. Staring)

Don't you ever ... ever... ever ... point  
a gun at me again ...

DON suddenly, methodically, gives ENRIQUE a short, sharp, hard, nasty, blow across the head with the stock of the rifle ...

DON CONT'D

There you go.

We are on GAL, holding his bleeding head ... He sees ENRIQUE go down ... then hears a gunshot ...

(CONTINUED)

and sees Don stumble back ... GAL looks to the kitchen door and sees DEEDEE, shotgun in hand, standing there ...

We begin to pull up... pulling up ... up ... down below, receding, we can see the patio ...DON on his back ... GAL looking at DEEDEE, a shocked JACKIE emerging from the house ... going towards the prone ENRIQUE ...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (8)

110

AITCH emerging ... But we continue to pull up ... see the house ... the damaged heart shaped-pool ... the cars in the drive ... the surrounding country side ... the figures diminishing ... disappearing ... way, way, down below ...

CUT TO.

111 INT. LONDON. TAXI. PARK LANE. RAIN. GREY DAY.

111

Sound of slapping, squeaking, windscreen wipers ... GAL, in a suit, sits morosely in the back... his tan incongruous with the bleak weather and surroundings ... we can see a large elastoplast behind his ear ...

CUT TO:

112 EXT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL. PARK LANE. RAIN. DAY.

112

The cab pulls up outside the Grosvenor Hotel ... GAL, getting soaked, pays the driver ... turns to enter the hotel ...

CUT TO:

113 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL FOYER. LIFTS. DAY.

113

SCENE DELETED

114 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL CORRIDOR. DAY.

114

GAL is walking down a hotel corridor ... approaches a door ... opens it ... goes in ... closes the door on us ...

JUMP CUT TO.

115 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL ROOM. RAIN. DAY.

115

SCENE DELETED

116 INT LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM. DAY.

116

Sounds of a shower ... through frosted glass we see GAL ... standing in the shower ... peeling off the Elastoplast behind his ear ...

117 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL ROOM. RAIN . DAY. 117

GAL, bath towel wrapped around his waist, damp hair ... sits on the bed eating a room service sandwich and drinking from a miniature whisky bottle ...

JUMP CUT TO.

118 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL ROOM. RAIN . NIGHT. 118

GAL is lying on the bed..his back to us

JUMP CUT TO.

119 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL FOYER. LIFTS. NIGHT. 119

The lift door opens ... GAL gets out... He walks through the foyer ... past reception ... on this walk we hear...

DON (VO)

... Someone'll call you... pick you up

...

CROSS FADE TO:

120 EXT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL . RAIN . NIGHT. 120

SCENE DELETED

121 INT. LONDON. CAR.DRIVING. RAIN. NIGHT. 121

MIKE drives ... GAL in the passenger seat ...

DON (V/O)

...Probably Mike...

CROSS FADE TO:

122 EXT. LONDON. THE SAVOY HOTEL. RAIN. NIGHT 122

SCENE DELETED

123 INT. LONDON. CAR. DRIVING. RAIN. NIGHT. 123

The car driving... seated in the back is Jimmy, mid 40's and Pete, 40's...

DON (VO)

... Good boys ... gotta be good boys ...

...nobody speaking.

DON (VO) (cont'd)

... Reliable ...positive attitude ... 's  
very important ... very important ...  
utmost ...essential ...

They drive in silence... moving out of London ... MIKE turns on the radio ... Classic FM ... a strident passage from the 'Rite of Spring' ... the car drives on ...

JUMP CUT TO.

124 INT. OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON. CAR.DRIVING. RAIN. NIGHT 124

SCENE DELETED (Action/dialogue incorporated into Sc 123)

125 EXT. COUNTRY LANE . CAR. DRIVING. RAIN. NIGHT. 125

The car driving slowly, lights off, down a rough country lane in the middle of nowhere ... the four in silence ... in blackness ...eventually the car comes to a halt ...

JUMP CUT TO.

126 EXT. COUNTRY FIELD. NR WW2 HANGAR. RAIN. NIGHT. 126

SCENE DELETED

127 INT. DELAPIDATED WW2 HANGAR. NIGHT. 127

Rembrandt's 'The Nightwatch' - ish.

Large, cavernous, space ... minimal lighting ... a few candles ... dim lamps ...

(CONTINUED)

at one end of the hangar, a group of men are roughly gathered, standing around a trestle table on which various coffee stained plans are strewn ... a case of beer on the top... in the gloom we can just about make out a few clothes rails from which hang a number of wetsuits ... on the rough concrete floor, on a large, dirty, plastic sheet, lie yellow oxygen tanks, several underwater drills and other apparatus ... MIKE, GAL, PETER and JIMMY enter ... Join the other men ... RAYMOND, BRUNO, ANDY & NICKY.

Tension...for at the far end of the hangar slightly in a corner...stand TEDDY BASS, STAN HIGGINS and MALKY LOGAN (DON'S nicer twin brother)...in heated conversation...

TEDDY

He's treatin' me like a cunt,  
Malky!...Does he think I'm a cunt?!

MALKY

I'm not arguin' with you, Ted...I agree  
with you...

TEDDY

(Staring murderously at Malky)  
Does he think I'm a cunt?!

MALKY

I'm with you Ted...I'll kill 'im my  
fuckin' self when I see 'im!

TEDDY turns his back on them...MALKY looks to STAN... Shrugs  
his shoulders...

STAN

(Calling across the hangar)  
...Gal, you got a minute?

GAL hesitates for a split second...then begins to cross the  
hangar...through the darkness towards...STAN, TEDDY and MALKY  
in the corner...reaches them...

GAL

(Greeting)  
...Ted...Stan...Malky...

MALKY

... Wotchya, Gal!

Silence...eventually...

STAN

'Ow'd he seem, Gal? 'Ow'd he come  
across?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STAN (cont'd)

GAL

'Oo?

STAN

Don ...

GAL

Don? ... He was alright... He was Don,  
weren't he ... Why?

STAN

... We're just tryin' to trace back ...  
He was due back on Wednesday.

GAL

He stayed at mine on Wednesday ... left  
Thursday.

STAN

Yesterday?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... Yeah! ... that's what I mean ...

TEDDY, his back still to them, cocks an ear ...

STAN

Did you drop 'm off at the airport?

GAL

No ...

STAN

You didn't?

GAL

... No ... he got a cab... why?

STAN

So you didn't see 'im get on the plane then?

GAL

... Well, no ... not personally ... but I know he got on the plane ...

TEDDY

(Half turns)

'Ow?

GAL

(Under pressure)

... He called me ...from Heathrow...

STAN

Called ya?

GAL

Yeah, called me...what's 'appened?

TEDDY

(Turns fully to face GAL)

Why'd he call you?

GAL

... I dunno ... said he'd landed safely  
... I thought it was a bit funny myself  
...

STAN looks at TEDDY...

MALKY

(CONTINUED)



... No, he would do that ... it's the sort of thing he'd do  
...just bein' 'ospitable!

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY turns slowly, murderously towards MALKY.

STAN

(Sheperding GAL away)

... Sorry about this, Gal... 's just that  
Don's gone AWOL ... obviously it's a  
matter for concern as I'm sure you'll  
appreciate - but we'll get there - too  
much time and money's gone into this for  
it to be fucked around by one cunt's  
strangeness! ... (GAL nods sagely) ...  
You done with Gal, Ted?

TEDDY

(Back to us ... deep in  
thought)

What? - Yeah!

STAN

Alright, Gal ... go rejoin the others ...  
we'll be with you in a minute ... take  
you all through it.

GAL begins to make his way back across the dark hangar ...  
suddenly...in front of him in the dark...we see the  
squirming, writhing, limb-flailing, shot in the side, figure  
of DON LOGAN...He is struggling on his back, on the ground  
but we see the image vertically...looming out of the  
blackness towards GAL.

CUT TO.

128 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

128

FLASHBACK...

We are looking down at DON lying on the patio tiles...he  
can't believe it...can't fucking believe it!...

(CONTINUED)

looks down at the massive hole in his stomach ...whimpers ... his arms and legs going in all directions ... like a beetle on it's back ...

GAL, blood screaming down his neck, astonished, watches the writhing DON ... JACKIE goes to the unconscious ENRIQUE who is sprawled nearby ... AITCH stands shocked ... pale ... looks at GAL ... looks at DON... looks at DEEDEE, shotgun in hand, standing outside the kitchen door ...JACKIE has begun desperately to revive ENRIQUE ... and now it all goes off!

DON is massively angry ... growling ... cursing unintelligibly ...struggling to get to his feet ... but he's got no chance!

DON

(Strangled. Vein popping.

Rage)

Shot me! You shot me!' Oo shot me?! You cunts! Dirty fuckin' cunt animals! ... I fuckin' kill youz! (He begins to howl/growl with humiliation/anger/bile) ... 'Elp me!... 'Elp me! ... Oh, my God, 'elp me!! ... Someone fuckin 'elp me - criminals! ... I been shot!!

GAL gets to him ...slowly, methodically, heavily, begins to punch him, repeatedly ... building... talking to him ...

GAL

(Punching)

Y'see? Y'see? D'ya see? You treat my wife with respect!

DON

(Seething. Wild)

You punch my fuckin' 'ead?! ... You punch my fuckin' 'ead?!!

GAL

(Punching. Becoming more hysterical. Tearful)

She's beautiful! ...She's beautiful! ... you dirty cunt, she's beautiful!

DON

(Apologetic)

Aitch, 'elp me, you cunt!! ... You rotten fuckin' bastards!

(CONTINUED)

He has got hold of GAL's neck ... a bloody, scruffy, messy, grappling match ... DEEDEE wades in ... pulling at DON's face ... tearing him ... punching him ... DON, fighting them off in vain ... looks to JACKIE who is now coming to join in...

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)  
(Almost unintelligible. Through  
bubbling, frothing blood)  
Jackie, I love you!

JACKIE lashes out ...boots him in the ribs ... DON, enraged,  
still being savaged by GAL and DEEDEE swings his leg at  
JACKIE bringing her down heavily ... she falls hard,  
clumsily, landing on her coccyx ... she cries out ... writhes  
in agony ... but continues to kick at DON ... who is trying  
to grab her legs... Briefly he has hold of her foot but she  
pulls away and he is left holding her white stiletto in his  
bloody hand ...

C/U on DON clutching the shoe in his fist ...

DON (cont'd)  
(Immense pain. Frustration.  
Heartbreak)  
I love you!

JACKIE's bare, toenail painted foot, comes into frame and  
boots him full in the face, breaking his nose ...

DEEDEE  
(Still pummelling)  
You don't tear my life apart! You don't  
tear my life apart!

DON  
(Screaming up to her)  
You've fucked 'undreds!... You fucked  
'undreds!

GAL  
(Gone hysterical)  
You cunt! I'm gonna fuckin' kill ya! I'm  
gonna fuckin' kill ya! I'm gonna fuckin'  
kill you!

DON  
Kill me? ... Kill me?!... Cocksucker! ...  
I'll kill you! Kill you! ... Fuckin' kill  
you!

DON's strength/resistance is incredible ... JACKIE has joined  
GAL in strangling him ... but he's still proving hard to kill  
...

(CONTINUED)

DON (cont'd)

(Being choked)

You're dead, Gal ...you're fuckin' dead!  
... You fuckin' fat cunt twat fuckin' fat  
fat fuck cunt cunt! ... Murderin' cunts!  
Wankers!

(CONTINUED)

He's still resisting his three assailants ...

JACKIE

(Screaming.Urgent)

Aitch, get the fucking gun!

But AITCH, flabbergasted at the ugly, clumsy, pulling, punching, dragging, grabbing, kicking, heaps of bodies ... does not move ... DEEDEE extricates herself from the mass ... crawls backwards to the gun ... grabs it and pushes the twin-barrels into DON's chest and fires ... JACKIE and GAL reel back, exhaustedly from DON ... on their arses ... on the tiles ... breathing heavily ... silence ... panting ... DON groaning ... He's still with us ... just ... his limbs twitching ... tinily ... puppet-like ... insect-ish ... struggles to focus on the 'shapes' around him ... his body calms ... still... he begins to mumble ...

DON

... Fuckin' joke ... fuckin' jokers ...  
Think that's funny do ya?! ... Fuckin'  
... than you've 'ad 'ot dinners ... Oh,  
bollocks ... (Sees GAL ... attempts a V  
sign) ... Up the 'Ammers!

DON is 2 seconds away from dying ... AITCH has decided to join 'the fray' ... he has grabbed the portable barbeque set and has made his way over to DON ... he stands over him looking down ...

DON (cont'd)

(Dying ... Tinily...Nastily)

I fucked Jackie ... fucked 'er ... ask  
her, she'll tell ya ... I fucked 'er!

AITCH raises the barbeque set above his head and crashes it down heavily/noisily/clatteringly on DON's head ... silence ...

AITCH

Yeah, well I've just fucked you tho'  
'aven't I!

129 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. CHINATOWN. RAIN . NIGHT.

129

We come in on loud, raucous laughter ... seated around a large table are men we recognise from the hangar ... MALKY, JIMMY, PETE, MIKE, GAL, RAYMOND, NICKY, BRUNO, ANDY...

STAN and TEDDY are not present

(CONTINUED)

... They have ordered loads of different dishes and are tucking in ... laughing, drinking, smoking ...

(CONTINUED)



MALKY

...It's not the first time y'know ...  
This 'as 'appened before ... I remember  
when we were kids, Mum sent 'im up the  
shops for a tin of pears - He never came  
back for two days ... He'd gone up the  
arcade with the money an' blown it ...  
was too scared to come 'ome ... knew  
she'd cut 'is arse!

More laughter etc.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

'Ere, Gal, I saw that bloke the other day  
... the one you know ... one with the  
blonde hair!

GAL

'Oo's that?

PETE

One you used to 'angaround with ...  
blonde bloke ... big ...

GAL

... Don't know 'oo who you mean ...

PETE

Yeah! - You used to knock about with'im  
... he was asking after you ... blonde  
fella .. (GAL is blank faced) ... You  
must know 'oo I'm talkin' about ... He's  
got very blonde 'air!

GAL

Pete I'm sorry mate, I can't think 'oo  
you mean ...

PETE

(Frustrated)

Yes! - you know this bloke well ! ... I  
don't know 'ow else to say it! - He's got  
blonde hair! I met 'im! You know 'im!

MIKE

(Flat and dry)

What colour hair's he got?

PETE

Blonde! Shutup! ... (To GAL ) What's 'is  
name?! ... What's 'is fuckin' name?!

GAL

Pete, I can't 'elp you mate!

(CONTINUED)

PETE

Well anyway - I met a blonde bloke that  
you know and he says 'allo ... I wish I'd  
never started now! ... f'r fuck's sake

...

More eating and drinking ...

JUMP CUT TO.

130 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT. PAYPHONE. NIGHT.

130

GAL is at the foot of the flight of stairs ... near the  
toilets ... near the kitchens ... he is on the payphone ...  
we can hear sounds of laughter from the men upstairs ... can  
hear the shouting of Chinese chefs ... the tossing of woks  
... steam etc. ..GAL has phoned DEEDEE

CONTD.

GAL

(Emotional)

... Come on luv, comeon ... be alright  
... this is the mighty Jabambo remember  
... (He half-heartedly raises his free  
arm into a muscle-man-ish pose) ...'s  
just one more day darlin' ... just one  
more day ... if you look at it like that,  
that's all it is - just one more day ...  
I'm just playin' it step by step...  
that's all I can do ... (He listens. Then  
with extreme feeling)...Deedee, I love  
you like a rose loves rainwater - like a  
leopard loves 'is partner in the jungle.  
like ... I don't know what like ... I  
love you... I love you! ... yeah, I know  
you know ... I know ... I know that  
...And I know you love me 'cos I feel  
strong ... I better go now ... better get  
back ... I'm gonna 'ang up now ... just  
do one thing for me ...just one thing ...  
just say my name for me ... just once ...

CUT TO.

131 INT. DOVE'S SPANISH VILLA - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

131

C/U on DEEDEE's face... her heart sobbing ... she holds the  
phone ... whispers into it ...

(CONTINUED)

DEEDEE

...Gal.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

131

We hear the line go dead ...

CUT TO.

132 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL - DINING ROOM. RAIN. MORNING. 132

GAL has gone for the full English ... He sits alone at a table tucking in ... He pours more tea... butters another slice of toast ... munching away...he idly glances at the grey street outsideand sees...and sees...a car has pulled up...S/M TEDDY BASS emerging...TEDDY entering the hotel...TEDDY disappearing into the hotel...GAL extremely concerned, quickly looks to the dining room doors...stares at them...waiting...waiting...

133 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL - DINING ROOM. MORNING. 133

GAL sits at his Hilton breakfast table ... waiting ... waiting...staring at something unseen in the near distance...we are on his concerned face...as he stares...now we/he hear the sound of spurs...chinking...approaching...slowly...coming...the sound of the spurs increasing...then stopping...we are on GAL...looking up at something/someone standing very close...Now,easing into frame comes a long-barrelled "buntline special" being held by a mangy, scrawny, scabby paw/hand (HERMANS)...The gun is pointed at GAL'S head...slowly the trigger is cocked...GAL resignedly whilst keeping his eyes on the unseen figure, raises a forkful of bacon and eggs to his mouth and begins to chew...

134 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL - DINING ROOM. RAIN. MORNING. 134

We are on GALS face as he chews staring at an unseen figure...

TEDDY

This phone call he made from 'eathrow ...  
Tell me what he said again ...

GAL

(Swallows his food)  
...who, Don? ... I've told you ...

We see Teddy sitting opposite...

TEDDY

Tell me again ...

GAL

... Well, just that he got back safely!

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

No, he didn't do that.

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... 'Ow'd you mean?

TEDDY

Well, I mean, he didn't do that!

GAL

Yeah, he did!

TEDDY

(Patient)

No, he didn't.

Silence ...eventually ...

TEDDY (cont'd)

He didn't phone you from 'Eathrow.

GAL

... Well I'm the one that got the call!  
... If you know somethin' different then  
tell me!(Pause) ... I don't know, Ted - I  
don't know what you're tryin' to get at  
'ere! ... (Pause) ... Don comes to see me  
- offers me the job - I say yes please -  
he goes - next thing he phones me from  
'Eathrow ... "See you Friday" ... That's  
'ow he left it! ...

TEDDY

But he didn't phone you from 'Eathrow.

GAL

Alright, from Timbuktu then! But he  
phoned me!

TEDDY is staring at him ...

GAL (cont'd)

... I'm not lyin', Ted...

TEDDY continues to stare ... eventually ...

TEDDY

O.K alright

TEDDY rises and begins to walk away ...

TEDDY (cont'd)

... Good luck for tonight ...

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED: (3)

134

GAL watches TEDDY leave the restaurant ...

CUT TO.



135 INT. LONDON GROSVENOR HOTEL ROOM. RAIN. DAY.

135

GAL in an absolute panic ... does not know what he's doing ... throws his holdall on the bed... cramming clothes into it ... runs into the bathroom ... grabs his toilet bag ... is back in the bedroom ... shoving stuff in ... sweating ...wants to run ... wants to hide ... has worked himself up into a right old lather ... frantic ... but then he stops ... stares at the bag ... thinks... thinks ... thinks ... flight or flight? ... thinks ...

136 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . SUNSHINE. DAY. 136

AITCH, serious faced, stands on the patio ... looking in at the newly repaired pool ... pristine, re-tiled ... a couple of Spanish workmen are nearby preparing to re-fill the pool ...ENRIQUE stands on the opposite side of the pool watching the labour ... He has a fair sized dressing on his left temple ... He looks at AITCH ...AITCH returns the look then turns and looks towards the house ... DEEDEE and JACKIE are inside looking out ... we hear the sound of water as the pool is re-filling

CUT TO.

137 EXT. LONDON . DARK SALOON CAR. DRIVING. CITY. NIGHT. RAIN. 137

STAN drives ... MIKE in the passenger seat ... GAL and RAYMOND in the back ... serious faces...nobody talks ... over this we hear ...

DON (VO)

... Y'see, Gal ...where there's a will -  
and there is a fuckin' will ... there's a  
way - and there is a fuckin' way ...  
There's alway a fuckin' way!

Cross fade to...

138 EXT. LONDON. CITY STREET OUTSIDE IMPERIAL EMBLATT. DAY.

138

FLASHBACK. STREET OUTSIDE IMPERIAL EMBLATT AS SCENE 81

(Slow Motion) TEDDY emerging through the revolving doors of Imperial Emblatt and out onto the street ... He walks away from the building ... loosening his tie ... smiling to himself ... we go to (ULTRA Slow Motion) as he strides ... He is passing a Turkish baths ... We FREEZE FRAME for a split second ... over this we hear...

(CONTINUED)

DON (VO)  
... 'E's a beast...

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: (2)

138

TEDDY strides on, now in (normal Slow Motion) ... Past McDonalds ... Past Lloyds Bank ...

DON (VO) (cont'd)

...You don't know the way 'is mind works!

TEDDY strides towards us ... towards us ... we are moving towards him ... he fills the frame ...his face in extreme C/U ... His eyes ... his forehead ...

CONTINUOUS

139 INT. RED HOT SPACE - DAY

139

we go through his forehead and enter his brain ... we are in a red-hot space .. hear whirring... we continue on ... and out through the back of his head ...

CONTINUOUS

140 EXT. LONDON. CITY STREET OUTSIDE IMPERIAL EMBLATT. NIGHT 140

into night... we are in the street moving towards the black glass building of Imperial Emblatt ...

CONTINUOUS

141 INT. LONDON. MARBLE FOYER OF IMPERIAL EMBLATT. NIGHT.

141

Like a ghost we move seamlessly through the entrance and into the deserted marble foyer ... we glide effortlessly through the building ...

CONTINUOUS

142 INT. LONDON. CORRIDORS / DOORS / STAIRS OF IMPERIAL EMBLATT. NIGHT. 142

through corridors ... through doors ... moving inexorably ...down stairs and into the silent heart of the building ...

CONTINUOUS

143 INT. LONDON. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. VAULT DOOR. NIGHT.

143

a massive steel door ahead of us ... moving towards it ... through it like a hot knife through butter

CONTINUOUS

144 INT. LONDON. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS. DAY. 144

we are in the vaults ... going past banks of mirrored steel  
safety deposit boxes ...

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

until we reach Box HS3671 ... We turn ...are on the wall ...  
 slowly move towards it ... getting closer ... closer...  
 closer ... and then we hear it ... faint ... distant ... tiny  
 ...drilling ... we are up to the wall ... moving ... through  
 it

CONTINUOUS

145 INT. LONDON. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. VAULT WALL. NIGHT.

145

and into blackness ... and moving through that ... all the  
 while the sounds of drilling growing ... increasing ...  
 louder and louder and louder ... until we see ... boring  
 towards us ... the tip of a drill ... we pass the drill...

CONTINUOUS

146 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT.

146

we are in water ... underwater ...dirty, murky, brick-dusty  
 work ...But we can make out the driller - GAL, wet suited,  
 hard at work ... we pass him ... pass RAYMOND, aiding,  
 pulling out broken bricks, helping - with the hole/tunnel ...  
 We are underwater in a swimming pool ... we break the surface  
 ...

JUMP CUT TO.

147 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL AREA. NIGHT.

147

We are in the swimming pool area ... can see the team at work  
 .. scattered around the poolside are JIMMY, PETE, NICKY,  
 ANDY, MALKY, BRUNO - All wet-suited -knackered looking ...  
 MIKE in normal clothes helping the men with equipment etc.  
 ...STAN kneels poolside looking into the grimy water ...

STAN

(Concerned)

Seems really slow, Mike... seems really  
 slow..

MIKE

No, we're alright,we're alright ...  
 Malky, 'ow ya doin'?

MALKY

'S my fuckin' shoulder! (He eases it.  
 Rolls it around)

MIKE

Jimmy, Andy! - Two minutes!

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY and ANDY pickup their oxygen tanks and begin to put them on ... Now TEDDY appears ...Walks towards them ... wearing his coat ...

(CONTINUED)

147 CONTINUED: (2)

TEDDY

... Everythin' alright?

STAN

Seems a bit slow, Ted...

MIKE

Stan, you're a fucking old woman!... 'Ave  
a bit of faith, f'r fuck's sake! ...  
Ted, we're alright... we're alright ...

JUMP CUT TO.

148 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT.

148

GAL drilling fiercely at the by now sizeable hole in the  
brickwork, RAYMOND working hard alongside ...

GAL (VO)

... I don't need this! I really don't  
need this! I really don't need this! ...  
A San miguel ...cold ... a sausage ...  
'ot ... spicey ... My friends 'appy  
...And Deedee... my wife ... My  
absolutely fuckin' gorgeous wife ... 'S  
all I want ...'S all I need ... and you  
can leave me alone ... leave me a-fuckin'-  
lone!

GAL drills ...RAYMOND sees JIMMY and ANDY descending through  
the gloom, RAYMOND signals to GAL that their 'stint' is over  
...

JUMP CUT TO.

149 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL AREA. NIGHT.

149

GAL breaks the surface of the water ... sees TEDDY BASS  
poolside looking down at him ...They have eye contact ... GAL  
pulls himself to the side ... heaves himself up ... flops  
onto the side ... lies on his back ... breathing very hard...

JUMP CUT TO.

150 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT.

150

JIMMY and ANDY blasting at the wall ...

JUMP CUT TO.

151 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT. 151

MALKY drill at the 'hole' leaning into it ... PETE in support  
... PETE takes over ... drills ...4ft in...

JUMP CUT TO.

152 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL AREA. NIGHT. 152

STAN rubbing his eyes .... tired... the faces of the men  
who've been working ... tired... strained ...anxious ...  
concerned...

JUMP CUT TO.

153 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT. 153

GAL and BRUNO grafting ... pummeling ... the water is full of  
debris ... smiling in the underwater torch beams ... they are  
5ft in...

GAL (VO) (cont'd)

(Angry.Frustrated)

... I mean, for fuck's sake! ... For  
fuckin' fuck's sake!... Fuck you, Don!  
... Fuckin' fuckyou!

JUMP CUT TO.

154 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL AREA. NIGHT. 154

MIKE helping GAL ... removing his tanks ... unzipping his  
wetsuit ... letting air get to his exhausted body ...

STAN

(Quiet. Serious)

'Ow's it goin', Gal?

GAL

... Well, we're in there, Stan ... but it  
ain't gettin' any easier ... 's so  
fuckin' awkward... Time is it?

MIKE

Ten to two.

TEDDY

'Ow long we lookin' at, Gal?

(CONTINUED)



BRUNO

(Knackered)

At least another three hours, Ted ...  
maybe four!

GAL

Nah, fuck that ... two!- Two and a  
'alf!...

(CONTINUED)

GAL (VO)

(Thinking to himself) I've got a plane to catch!

TEDDY

Be good if it was two, Mike.

MIKE

We're on it, Ted ...Y'alright, Malk?

MALKY is slumped nearby eating a sandwich ...

MALKY

(Fucked off)

No! (Bites into his sandwich)

MIKE goes to him ...stands over him ... balls his fist, coach-like in encouragement ...

MIKE

Give it some, son ...give it fuckin' some!

MALKY, tired, surly, had enough, weakly balls his own fist and limply mimics ...

JUMP CUT TO.

155 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT.

155

(Slow Motion) on GAL ... In the 'hole' awkwardly blasting... MALKY behind him, scooping out debris ... working like Trojans ... 6ft in ...

JUMP CUT TO.

156 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT.

156

(Slow Motion) ....PETE and NICKY...7ft in.....

JUMP CUT TO.

157 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT.

157

(Slow Motion) GAL and RAYMOND both scooping with their hands ... GAL picks up the underwater drill ... Blasts away ... 8ft in ...

JUMP CUT TO...

158 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL AREA. NIGHT.

158

RAYMOND breaks the surface ... rips off his mouth piece ...  
everyone expectant ...

(CONTINUED)

RAYMOND

... We've gotta be fuckin' close. Gotta be!!

TEDDY begins to leave the pool area ... we follow him into ...

159 INT. TURKISH BATHS. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT.

159

the locker room area ... we see two attendants tied up in the corner, their heads covered by pillow cases ... Teddy begins to undress ... carefully placing his shirt on a hanger ... now he stops ... is still ... stares down the barrel of the camera ...FREEZE FRAME ... MUSIC

CROSS FADE TO:

160 INT. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM. NIGHT.

160

MUSIC CONTINUES

Two security guards sit/stand intently studying one particular monitor of the vaults ... one of the guards (JOSEPH) looks at the other (CLIFF) ... FREEZE FRAME on CLIFF's face studying the monitor ...

TEDDY'S VOICE

... Now maybe you're 'appy with 320 quid a week, wearin' a sappy polyester cunt uniform ... maybe you're 'appy with that...

JOSEPH fetches their coats - they still regard the monitor...

TEDDY'S VOICE (cont'd)

... Maybe you don't like the idea of living somewhere in the sun by the sea surrounded by beautiful women .. loaded ... whatever you want whenever you want it ... (PAUSE) ... Now you've 'ad three grand each ... that's yours ... you can leave the studio with that ... or you can go for the big one ...'s up to you...

On the monitor they see a drill head emerging through the vault wall... Water begins to seep through ... Joseph dials on his mobile phone..

CUT TO:

161 INT. PUB DAY

161

SCENE DELETED

162 INT. NONDESCRIPT WINDOWLESS BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

162

Scene Deleted

\*

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

Scene 162 deleted

\*

163 INT. TURKISH BATHS. LOCKER ROOM. NIGHT.

163

As scene 159.

TEDDY takes his mobile phone from his jacket pocket ... puts  
it to his ear...

\*

CLIFF'S VOICE

You're through!

\*

\*

CUT TO.

164 INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM IMPERIAL EMBLATT - NIGHT.

164

Scene Deleted

\*

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

164

Scene 164 deleted

\*

CUT TO:

165 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL AREA. NIGHT.

165

TEDDY is re-entering the pool area ... The atmosphere is electric ... RAYMOND is hauling himself out the pool at speed ...

MIKE

(Urgent)

Right ... get GAL out! (MALKY submerges)  
Jim, get back from the side! ...Everybody  
get back ... get way back! ...Get away  
from the fuckin' water!!

JUMP CUT TO.

166 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL UNDERWATER NIGHT.

166

Water gushing through to the vaults ... the force of the water making GAL's return a struggle... MALKY is pulling him ... urgently trying to get him out ... they've got to get out of the pool ... they fight against the force of the escaping water ... they get free ... swim with effort to the surface ... desperate to get out ... as they break the surface they hear the frantic cries of the others who are all standing on rubber mats, their backs flat to the walls ...

MIKE

(Shouting)

Get out of there! Get fuckin' out of  
there! ... Come on, come on, come on!!

MALKY drags himself out and helps the exhausted GAL ... They roll onto rubber matting away from the water urged on by the shouting men ... then silence ...

Water is gushing from the pool into the security vault ... gushing ... coming into contact with Emblatt's electrics ... causing ...blackout! Immediately followed by a huge flash! The light travelling through the water of the pool! Momentarily illuminating the men in the pool area - like a massive, powerful flash-bulb ... and blackout

Again ... simultaneous with a dull, heavy, electrical explosion ... stillness ... darkness ...

CUT TO.

167 INT. LONDON. CORRIDORS / DOORS / STAIRS OF IMPERIAL EMBLATT. 167  
NIGHT.

Silence ... blackness ... suddenly lights fizz back on in the building and we see the raincoated figures of CLIFF and JOSEPH standing stock still for a split second ... with the lights back on, they begin to move through the building towards the foyer ... heading towards a small door in the glass facade.

CUT TO.

168 INT. TURKISH BATHS. POOL AREA. NIGHT. 168

The beams from powerful sub-aqua torches shoot about in the darkness ... The men are in the water ... going under ... MIKE is removing Hessian sacks from a large holdall.

JUMP CUT TO.

169 INT. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. VAULTS (UNDERWATER) NIGHT. 169

We are with GAL as he pushes through the tunnel and into the submerged security vault ... See some of the men already in there, JIMMY, PETE, BIG RAYMOND, They look at each other ... wide-eyed ... look at the boxes ... the rows and rows of gleaming boxes ... Now MALKY appears through the hole ... Emerging like a maggot from an apple... trying to suppress his laughter ... his sheer fucking joy ... bubbles going everywhere...

JUMP CUT TO.

170 INT. IMPERIAL EMBLATT. VAULTS (UNDERWATER) NIGHT. 170

TEDDY BASS drills determinedly at a box ... as does GAL beside him ... as do the rest ... bodies at various heights in the submerged room ... A free for all ... The first box spills open ... out floats ... a 1950's photograph of a married couple ... love letters, the ink running...a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles...delicate white lace gloves ... and £200,000 in notes! ... Some of the money begins to float through the water ... the men really going for it ...drilling ... battering ... opening ... and soon the dirty, murky, torch-lit water is filled with an assortment of treasure ... Rolexes, rolled up canvas paintings, cheque books, bonds, wills, deeds, papers, cash, cash rolled up, cash loose, dollars, francs, yen, gold cards, platinum cards, silver cards, playing cards ...

(CONTINUED)



170 CONTINUED:

170

brief cases, leather document cases, folders, more love letters, bronze figurines, antiques, a bible, a gun, a copy of Mein Kampf, pornographic pictures, erotic books, cash, cash, cash, tiaras, dentures, deutchmarks, lira, arab dosh, sterling, drugs, a tin of Heinz chicken soup, a faberge egg, a whip, a glass eye, videos, more guns, more drugs, more money ...

(CONTINUED)

test tube with something weird in it, a cuddly toy, a yellowed photograph or Rudolf Valentino... The men's eyes are out on stalks ... and still they bash away ... gold, gold dust, gold ingots ... JIMMY finds an urn ... takes off the lid ... ashes dissolve into the water ... He quickly puts the lid back on and puts it back ... A 17th century carriage clock ... a purple heart ... baby shoes ... false nails, false eyelashes, false passports ... and jewels! Jewels, jewels, jewels ... bracelets, necklaces, rings, earrings, brooches, tie-pins, chains ... stones ... emeralds, sapphires, amethysts, jet, jade, and diamonds ... diamonds, diamonds, diamonds. And still it keeps coming..The floor is carpeted in sparkling glinting booty ... Money is everywhere ... And still the men are at it ...

GAL opens a box - rifles through it - a pair of exquisite ruby earrings fall out ... He watches as they fall to the floor ... sees them nestle in amongst the riches ...RAYMOND and MALKY are 'cleaning up' ... shovelling the plunder into hessian sacks ... grabbing at soggy notes in the water ...bagging wet wads ...TEDDY blasts away ...

CUT TO.

171 EXT. CITY STREET OUTSIDE IMPERIAL EMBLATT / TURKISH BATHS. 171  
NIGHT.

A London dust truck is drawing up ... hiss of hydraulics as it comes to a stop ... two men get out ...walk to a large mound of refuse sacks ... pick 'em up two at a time and begin to throw them into the back of the truck ... The dustmen are MIKE and STAN ...

MIKE

(Tossing a bag in) To think some cunts do  
this for a livin'!

CUT TO.

172 INT. LONDON. SMALL PRIVATE BAR. BASEMENT. NIGHT. 172

MUZAK PLAYS...

The men have taken over a private bar and are having a drink celebrating... JIMMY and PETE at the bar, a bottle of champagne each ... laughing ...MALKY & RAYMOND stand drinking, talking re-living aspects ...BRUNO, NICKY, ANDY in a corner ...

RAYMOND

... Yeah??!!

(CONTINUED)

MALKY

Yeah! ... (Calls across) Ain't that  
right, Jim?

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Wha's that?

MALKY

Fucking ashes!

JIMMY

Yeah, frightened the life out of me ...  
poor cunt!

RAYMOND goes over to GAL who sits at a small table with a  
whisky ... his holdall by his feet...

RAYMOND

... I tell you what, mate, ... you're a  
fuckin' pleasure to work with ... (offers  
his hand)

GAL

(Shaking it)

Cheers, Ray ... let's do it again  
sometime.

RAYMOND

Me? Nah ... this'll do me ... I'm gettin'  
too old!

Suddenly JIMMY, PETE, and MALKY start up a chorus of 'My Old  
Man's A Dustman' ... And we see STAN & MIKE come in ... The  
drinks are flowing ... alot of laughter ... Now TEDDY BASS  
emerges through an infra red lit area to applause and cheers  
... he lightly applauds back ...

TEDDY

(Smiling)

Gentlemen, you're all cunts!

He is handed a whisky... joins in ... eventually ... he goes  
over to GAL ... sits beside him ...the others continue to  
celebrate ...

TEDDY (cont'd)

... You tired?

GAL

No, I'm alright actually ...

They sit in silence watching the others lark about ...  
eventually they both try to speak at the same time ...  
slightly clumsy

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY

... No, after you ...go ahead ...

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... No, I was just goin' to say ...  
congratulations ... It went like a  
fuckin' dream, didn't it?

TEDDY

Congratulations all round ...

GAL

Yeah ...

TEDDY

What's the matter? You don't seem too  
'appy?

GAL

'Oo me?! No, I'm 'appy! I'm 'appy  
alright! Well 'appy!

TEDDY

We're all 'appy, mate! (Pause ... looks at  
GAL's holdall) What you shootin' off?

GAL

What me? Yeah ... I got a plane to catch  
...

TEDDY

'Ave ya? ... (looks at GAL) ... I'll give  
you a lift ...

GAL

...No, that's alright, Ted, I'll jump in a  
cab ...

But TEDDY is already up ...Walking away ...

TEDDY

Come on ...

CUT TO.

173 INT.PORSCHE TURBO. DRIVING. RAIN. SMALL HOURS.

173

TEDDY drives through London ... GAL quiet in the passenger  
seat ... sounds of the windscreen wipers ... the engine ...  
but otherwise silence ... eventually ...

TEDDY

... I've just got to stop off for a  
minute on the way ... Is that alright?

(CONTINUED)

GAL

... Yeah, course ...

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2)

173

They drive in silence...

CUT TO.

174 EXT.KENSINGTON BACK STREET. SMALL HOURS. RAIN.

174

The Porsche pulling up outside an expensive house ...

JUMP CUT TO.

175 INT.PORSCHE TURBO. RAIN. SMALL HOURS.

175

TEDDY switches the engine off ... sits there ... GAL silent beside him ... eventually TEDDY looks at him ...

TEDDY

... Come with me.

176 EXT.KENSINGTON EXPENSIVE HOUSE. NIGHT. RAIN.

176

TEDDY gets out ...GAL follows ... they approach an expensive house ... TEDDY presses the front doorbell ... they stand in silence ... TEDDY presses the bell again... a light comes on in the house and eventually a voice speaks through the door ...

HARRY'S VOICE

Who is it?

TEDDY

(Amiably) It's Teddy, 'Arry ... Teddy Bass ... d'you remember?

HARRY'S VOICE

(Confused) What do you want? It's ten past five ...

TEDDY

I know ... I'm sorry... but I need your 'elp ... somethin's 'appened ...

Slowly the door opens... HARRY in dressing gown and pyjamas ...

HARRY

(Worried) ... What is it?

TEDDY

(Breezing in past Harry) ... Come in, Gal ...

(CONTINUED)



176 CONTINUED:

176

HARRY, astonished goes after TEDDY ... GAL tentatively follows ...

177 INT.KENSINGTON HOUSE. - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT. RAIN.

177

TEDDY has strolled through to the drawing room ...

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

(Amazed. Half Angry. Half scared) What are you doing?

TEDDY

I need a drink for my friend 'ere ... could you fix 'im one?

HARRY hesitates ... weighs up the situation ... looks at GAL, who sort of smiles back, also confused ... HARRY goes to the drinks cabinet ...

TEDDY (cont'd)

What you 'avin', Gal?

GAL

... Erm ... I'll 'ave a whisky please ... cheers ...

HARRY opens a decanter ... pours ... looks to TEDDY

TEDDY

No, I'm alright ...

Bang! TEDDY shoots HARRY full in the face from close range ... HARRY crashes into the drinks cabinet ... slumps to the floor, dead.

GAL is absolutely shocked by this ... TEDDY turns to him, the automatic at his side ...

TEDDY (cont'd)

Where's Don, Gal?

We are on GAL's face... Move in on it ... MUSIC BEGINS "The Twelve Cellists" by Arvo Part.

\*  
\*

178 INT.KENSINGTON HOUSE. - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT. RAIN. 178

FLASHBACK ... his P.O.V. (Slow Motion) mute - HARRY's body lifting, falling back, crashing into the drinks cabinet ... the smashing - shattering - spilling of bottles, glasses, shelving. ... The body slumping down ... music begins 'Fratres. The Twelve Cellists' by Arvo Part ... The body hits the floor... eventually comes to rest ... is still ... FLASHBACK ENDS ...

179 INT.KENSINGTON HOUSE. - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT. RAIN. 179

Scene Deleted

\*

180 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

180

now, superimposed over this - (Slow Motion) DEEDEE strides purposefully, passionately, lovingly towards us/him (See Sc. 30) ... over this we hear ...

(CONTINUED)

TEDDY'S (VO)

He never left Spain, Gal ... I know that

...

The superimposition of DEEDEE begins to disintegrate ...

181 INT.KENSINGTON HOUSE. - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT. RAIN.

181

we are on GAL's face ...

TEDDY (VO) (cont'd)

... See, he never got on a plane ...

182 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . NIGHT.

182

The disintegrating of image of DEEDEE is disappearing completely ...

183 INT.KENSINGTON HOUSE. - DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT. RAIN.

183

tears stream down GAL's face...

TEDDY (VO) (cont'd)

... Well he did - but then he got off again - and there's no record of him gettin' another flight...

C/U of TEDDY BASS

TEDDY

... I can only assume that he's still in Spain ...

C/U of GAL's face -all hope gone ...

GAL

(Gently. Very quietly)

I'm not into this anymore, Ted ...

C/U of TEDDY staring at GAL ... staring ... staring ...

CUT TO.

184 INT. PORSCHE TURBO. DRIVING. APPROACHING HEATHROW. MORNING . 184  
RAIN.

TEDDY drives. GAL in the passenger seat ... silence ...  
silence ... TEDDY lights a cigarette...

TEDDY

'Ow much did he say you were on for this,  
Gal? ... One? One and a 'alf? ... More?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED:

184

TEDDY (contid)

... (Pause) ...Well I'm gonna give you a  
tenner ...'s that alright with you?

(CONTINUED)

GAL sits there ...still ... silent ... staring down ... the car is pulling up outside departures ... comes to rest ... the two men sit ... TEDDY takes out his wallet ... takes out a twenty pound note ...

TEDDY (cont'd)

I've only got a twenty... you got change?

GAL awkwardly manoeuvres to get into the back pocket of his trousers ...

JUMP CUT TO...

185 EXT. HEATHROW DEPARTURES TERMINAL. MORNING. RAIN.

185

GAL is taking his holdall out of the car boot ... shuts it ... begins to walk away towards the terminal ... suddenly ...

TEDDY'S VOICE

Gal?

GAL turns to see the Porsche gliding by a young, acne faced, uniformed policeman with his back to the car ... TEDDY has extended his arm though the car window and is pointing his gun at the unaware BOBBY ... but then he pulls his arm back in... and smiles at GAL as he speeds off ... GAL turns and walks into the airport ...

CUT TO.

186 EXT. SPAIN - DOVE'S SWIMMING POOL / PATIO . GLORIOUS DAY

186

We are on GAL's face... eyes shut ... slight smile ... we hear chatter ... laughter ...

JACKIE'S VOICE

(Laughing) ... That is a load of bollocks!

AITCH'S VOICE

I'm tellin' ya! Barbers are a thing of the past!

JACKIE'S VOICE

Cobblers! Utter cobblers!

We slowly move in on GAL and see that he is relaxing in an inflatable, transparent, armchair in the centre of his heart-shaped pool ... the water of the pool is a bright pink colour ... in one hand he holds an elaborate fruit cocktail drink ... he gently bobs ...

(CONTINUED)

AITCH'S VOICE

Look with this pill, they're sayin' that  
you take it and that's it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## AITCH'S VOICE (cont'd)

Your hair don't grow! ...You don't go bald ... it stays the same! ... You 'ave your hair cut once... in whatever style you want and it stays like that ... for the rest of your natural life ... it's completely revolutionary!

Smiling, GAL sucks on the novelty straw of his cocktail ... looks across to the patio where JACKIE, AITCH, ENRIQUE and DEEDEE ( her back to us), are all relaxing on sun-loungers ... all in swimwear ... ENRIQUE wears shades ... a bruise visible on his temple ...

## JACKIE

... but what if you get fed up with your style, you berk?!

## AITCH

Well that's where the antidote comes in, doesn't it, smart arse! ... The whole process is reversible ... You just take a different pill! ... I'm not sayin' this is goin' to 'appen in the next coupla years ... but it will 'appen ... it's definitely comin' ... hairdressers are shittin' themselves!

## JACKIE

(Laughing) Will you please shutup!

## AITCH

Look ... they did a test with three monkeys, right ... gave 'em all a Beatle-style 'aircut -they've been livin' with that cut now for the past two years and apparently they seem well 'appy with it!

## DEEDEE'S VOICE

(Really laughing) ... I can't listen to this!

We are on GAL ...gently bobbing ... sips ... we are on his face ... his lovely face ...eventually ... over this we hear ...

## DON'S (VO)

... Told ya you'd do the job!

(CONTINUED)



GAL'S VOICE

... Yeah, well, you were right, Don ...  
technically speakin' you were right ...  
But you're dead-

GAL turns his head slightly ... looks through the water ...  
addresses the new tiles at the bottom of the pool ...

(CONTINUED)

GAL

(Effortlessly) ... So shutup!

He turns back ...releaxed ... sees that ENRIQUE is watching him ... slowly a smile breaks across ENRIQUE's face ... GAL looks at him ... then puts his head back, closes his eyes ... contentedly ...

DEEDEE'S VOICE

... Y'ungry , love? ...Shall I fix you a sandwich?

GAL

(Eyes shut. Smiling) Oh, yeah, that'd be lovely!

He turns to look at her ... she stands poolside ... CRASH/ZOOM on her gorgeous face ... SOFT FOCUS ... she wears the exquisite ruby earrings ... they reflect and sparkle magnificently ...

We are on GAL in his inflatable armchair ...in the pool ... he closes his eyes ... and gently bobs ... music begins 'Espana' ...

CUT TO.

187 EXT. SPAIN - THE SUN . DAY.

187

The music continues ... extreme C/U on the sun... credits ...the credits continue...

188 INT. HERMAN'S? BURROW . DAY.

188

We move through the tiles at the bottom of the swimming pool...into blackness...suddenly we are moving at speed through the passages of a giant burrow...we hear the growong sound of banging, kicking, breaking, shattering, splintering...louder...and as we turn a corner we see the cause...

HERMAN? In a frenzy is kicking fuck out of a crude, orange-box wood coffin, trying to open it...we can make out the words 'seville oranges' printed on some of the panels...flies hum and buzz about HERMAN? As he continues his assault...he braces himself against a wall in order to obtain a better force to his kicking...the coffin is coming to pieces...eventually/wheezing hard..and we see DON LOGAN inside somewhat put out by the disturbance...he looks up at the fiendish man/hare looming above him...and says...

(CONTINUED)

DON  
(Scared/Friendly/Pathetic)  
...Wha's up, Doc?!

Blackout..in the blackness we hear...

(CONTINUED)

DON'S VOICE

(With growing panis)

What you doin'?...No, don't do  
that!...Ouch!...No!...Ow!!

THE END.